The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The April Bookman will be a Spring Double Number, containing our usual Spring Supplement and a special article on G. F. Watts, by M. H. Spielmann, illustrated with portraits and with numerous reproductions of Watts's famous paintings. Among other important articles in this Number will be "Dante and the Mystics," by Dr. William Barry; "Swift's Correspondence," by Y. Y.; "Philippe-Egalite's Egena," by A. W. Evans; "The Influence of Baudelaire," by Holbrook Jackson; "The White, White North," by J. E. Patterson; "Of Dancers and Dancing," by George Sampson; "Patrick MacGill Poems," by J. H. Ingram; "Elton's English Literature," by Thomas Seccombe, etc.

£1,000 PRIZE NOVEL COMPETITION FOR COLONIAL AND INDIAN AUTHORS.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton announce another Thousand Pounds Prize Novel Competition. This time the Competition is reserved exclusively to Colonial and Indian or Anglo-Indian authors, the sum being divided as follows:

£250 will be awarded for the best novel sent in by a native or resident of the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland; £250 for the best novel by a native or resident in the Commonwealth of Australia and New Zealand; £250 for the best novel by a native or resident of the Empire of India; and £250 for the best novel by a native or resident of British Africa and any other Colony or Dependency. The adjudicators will be: for Canada, Sir Gilbert Parker; for Australasia, Mr. Charles Garvice; for India, Mr. A. E. W. Mason; and for Africa, etc., Sir H. Rider Haggard. The rules of the Competition may be obtained post free on application to Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, the latest date for delivery of MSS. being 31st March, 1914.

Two important volumes to be published almost immediately in Messrs. Dent's admirable "Channels of English Literature," series are "The English Novel," by Professor Saintsbury, and "English Lyric Poetry," by Mr. Ernest Rhys.

Mrs. Campbell Praed is one of the most popular of Australian authors. She is the eldest daughter of Thomas Lodge Murray Prior, who was for many

Mrs. Campbell Praed.

years Postmaster-General of Queensland. In 1872 she married Mackworth Praed's nephew, Mr. Campbell Mackworth Praed, and, coming to England, commenced her literary career here in 1880, with "An Australian Heroine," the first of many books dealing wholly or in part with Australian life. She has now a long list of successful novels to her name, in addition to "The Right Honourable," and other works that she wrote in collaboration with the late Mr. Justin McCarthy. In 1902 she published an autobiography of her earlier days, under the title of "My Australian Girlhood." Some of Mrs. Praed's later books, such as "The Body of his Desire," deal with the occult, and in her new novel, "The Mystery Woman" (Cassell), she turns again to the wonders of the spirit world. She has long made her home at Kensington, but frequently spends the winter at Cannes, and we reproduce a snap-shot taken of her recently in the Californe woods there.

Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **Mr. J. Ashby Sterry.**

Photo by Hana Studios. **Miss Anne Warner.**

We hear with much regret of the death of Miss Anne Warner, whose delightfully humorous books have an enormous public in America, and have, since Messrs. Gay & Hancock published "Susan Clegg and her Neighbours' Affairs," in 1906, made a very wide and increasing appeal to English readers. Perhaps the most popular of Miss Warner's novels with us has been "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary"; but she was never more spontaneously and shrewdly humorous than in her two brilliant travel books: "Seeing France with Uncle John," and "Seeing England with Uncle John."

"The Foundling," which we review on another page, is Mr. Paul Trent's third novel. After the

brilliant success of his second, "The Vow," Mr. Trent determined that its successor should not be hurriedly written, and his new book justifies the time and labour he has spent upon it. He confesses to an ambition to become an author ever since he won the prize for Latin and Greek verse at Cheltenham College, but circumstances compelled him to adopt the legal profession. Later, he passed several years in wandering about the world, and finally accepted an appointment on the West Coast of Africa. Whilst there his interest was aroused in the Congo question, and in due course, he made it

Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick,**
a new and revised edition of whose admirable biography, "Mrs. Gaskell: Homes, Haunts and Stories," is to be published this month by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.

the theme of his second novel, which has now run through many editions in England and America.

The *Strand Magazine* has secured the sole rights in this country of Captain Scott's personal description and photographs of his Expedition, and Commander Evans has recently cabled to them to the effect that Captain Scott left his diaries in complete form and that his photographic films have turned out excellent. Commander Evans will arrive in England with them at the end of April, and the full story of the discovery of the South Pole and the tragic ending of the journey will thereafter appear serially in the pages of the *Strand*.

Mrs. Ethel Talbot Scheffauer,
Author of "London Windows."

Mr. Heinemann is publishing shortly a translation by Mr. Herman Scheffauer of Rosa Mayreder's remarkable book, "The Woman Problem." Mr. Scheffauer has also completed a translation of

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Hugh Walpole,**
Author of "Fortitude" (Martin Secker).

Miss Helen Wallace.

Heine's "Atta Troll," which is to be published in the autumn with colour illustrations by Mr. Willy Pogany. We are to have, too, this year a book of "Visions and Vanities," by Mrs. Scheffauer, a poet of fine achievement, who, as Ethel Talbot, is a well-known contributor to the magazines and best known as the author of "London Windows."

"Morning Glory," a new novel by Miss Helen Wallace, will be published this month by Messrs. Cassell. Miss Wallace is the daughter of the Rev. Alexander Wallace, D.D., who was a leading Glasgow clergyman and widely known throughout Scotland. Her first book, "To Pleasure Madame," was an historical romance, the outcome of a summer holiday in Guernsey. Miss Wallace is the author of ten other successful novels, all of which have been issued by the House of Cassell.

Shortly before he died, Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice had begun to prepare for publication a number of papers dealing with problems which had occupied his life. A selection of these is to be published by Mr. Edward Arnold, with a record of Sir Frederick's early life, the influence upon him of his father, Frederick Denison Maurice, his part in the small wars of the Victorian era, his work as a military historian and educationalist, and his efforts in the cause of national physical improvement. The book is edited by his son, Lt.-Col. F. Maurice, and is entitled "Sir Frederick Maurice: A Record of his Work and Opinions."

Mr. Scott Craven has written a new play, "Little Tin Gods," which is in the hands of Mr. Malcom Watson, and will probably be produced this autumn, with Miss Evelyn D'Alroy in the principal part.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash is publishing in March, a continuation of Clare Jerrold's "Early Court of Queen Victoria," in the form of a description of "The Married Life of Queen Victoria," in which the characters both of the Queen and of Prince Albert are presented in the light of contemporary information rather than according to the conventional yet ideal descriptions usually accepted.

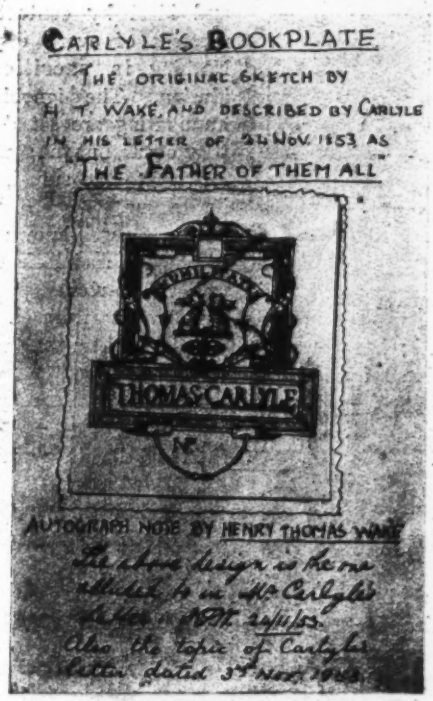
As we go to press news reaches us from America of the death of Joaquin Miller, and from Australia of the death of Louis Becke. Born in 1842, in

Mr. W. W. Crotch,

whose "Charles Dickens: Social Reformer" (Chapman & Hall) is reviewed on page 320.

Mrs. Parry Truscott,
whose "Hilary's Career" (Werner Laurie), is reviewed on page 332.

Indiana, Joaquin Miller grew up to a life of wandering and adventure. He fought in several Indian wars; was for a time a clerk in a lawyer's office; express messenger in Idaho gold-mining districts; then in 1897 he was caught up in the great gold rush and went to the Klondyke. He has since been settled in California establishing the ideal social community that he foreshadowed in "The Building of the City Beautiful" (1887). Since the appearance of his second book of poems in 1871, "Songs of the Sierras," he has been universally known as the Poet of the Sierras, and, at the end of the day, it is as a poet he will be remembered. Louis Becke led an even more adventurous and picturesque career; he roughed it among the traders of the Pacific islands for many years before, at the age of forty-five or so, he sat down to put his personal experiences into the brilliant series of South Sea stories which began so auspiciously with "By Reef and Palm," that was published by Mr. Fisher Unwin in 1894. It created no little sensation in its day, and good as some of his later volumes were—notably "Pacific Tales," and "His Native Wife"—it remains the best of his books.


CARLYLE'S BOOKPLATE
THE ORIGINAL SKETCH BY
H. T. WAKE AND DESCRIBED BY CARLYLE
IN HIS LETTER OF 24 NOV. 1853 AS
"THE FATHER OF THEM ALL"
THOMAS CARLYLE
AUTOGRAPH NOTE BY HENRY THOMAS WAKE

Sketch for Carlyle's Bookplate.
Reproduced by permission from *The Millgate Monthly*.

There is an interesting article in the February issue of the *Millgate Monthly*, on "Carlyle's Bookplate and its Designer," by Mr. Davidson Cook. The designer, Mr. Henry Thomas Wake, is still living, and now over eighty-two years of age. Mr. Cook came upon him in the village of Fritchley, in Derbyshire, where he keeps a second-hand book-shop—"a fine old Quaker, lovable at sight, interesting withal, and himself the best book in his collection—a living book about books." The essay tells the story of how it happened that Mr. Wake designed the bookplate for Carlyle, and reproduces in facsimile two letters from the Sage on this subject and one from Mrs. Carlyle, with a facsimile of the first rough sketch of the plate, and a print of the finished article. The Carlyle letters are very characteristic, and Mr. Cook is to be congratulated both on his discovery and the delightful account he gives of it.

Miss Rachel Swete Macnamara,
whose novel, "The Fringe of the Desert" has just been published by Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

We are greatly indebted to Messrs. Macmillan and to Mr. Heinemann for much assistance with the illustrations to our article on Henry James; and particularly to Miss Anna Lee Merritt for permission to reproduce the admirable portrait she painted of Mr. James in 1886.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MRS. STEPNEY RAWSON.

IT is now twelve years since Mrs. Stepney Rawson leaped into sudden fame, during the memorable years of the opening of the Boer War as the author of "A Lady of the Regency," a book which ran into six editions. Since that time she has published successively fourteen volumes, and this in spite of heavy journalistic work till within the last few years. Yet it is no exaggeration to say that any one of these books would have sufficed to make a reputation. Few have brought to the task of analysing the pageant of life more thorough preparation than this novelist to whom so many sides of life appeal, and whose work Mr. Arnold Bennett, at the beginning of her career, characterised, in a review, as "sensitive, intense, courageous." A highly trained musician, with a rare gift for song, and an intimate knowledge of the musical world (revealed in rich measure in her recent novel "Splendid Zipporah"), Mrs. Rawson possesses a fine sense of history—to wit, her two vivid Elizabethan memoirs "Bess of Hardwick," and "Penelope Rich," and her Rye romances "The Apprentice," and "Tales of Rye Town,"—and an imaginative insight into nature which has been disciplined by art training and constantly reinforced, especially recently, by country life. Withal she has been drawn to the study of souls with the zeal of an ardent psychologist. It is these manifold sides of her character which have enabled her to break new ground in every fresh book, so that each of the fourteen stands as a separate facet reflecting colours from the lives of men and women in different climes and different ages. And each volume dips deep into the author's experience of life. It is no secret that her own early struggles in the realm of journalism are portrayed in her "Labourer's Comedy," which exhibits the married woman forced by circumstances into the position of a bread-winner, playing a man's part in a world as yet unaccustomed to take her claims to work and pay very seriously. A lighter romance "The Easy-go-Luckies," is a gentle satire on the gay, somewhat irresponsible life of those beautiful upper reaches of the Thames, which London society has long taken for its playground. Here was Mrs. Rawson's early home with her parents and a cluster of brothers and sisters, and here, after many years of hard work in London, she and her husband have settled. In that old English cottage bowered in roses, with broad vistas of the Berkshire downs stretching out beyond her "workshop," she now builds her radiant, clear-sighted romance. Those very Berkshire downs, with the broad humanity they enclose, form alike the subject of her previous novel "Happiness," and of her latest "The Three Anarchists." Both indicate that the author is loth to depict a disloyal woman, or one so mean that some saving ray of pity does not at times illuminate her soul. For whether expressed through the medium of fiction or of history, Mrs. Rawson's message to her generation is inspired with belief in a form of nobility working its way out through all the coarser wrappings of human nature. It is the manifest intention of her books to strengthen and clarify the sense of the invisible and ideal by contact with reverses of every day life. Nothing is sacrificed to illusion. The ignoble and humiliating are set down as they occur, but the soul leaps forward to the sure home of its dreams.

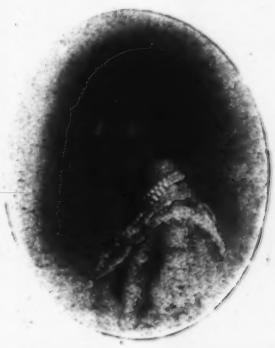
Mrs. Stepney Rawson.

In this well-known figure in English social life to-day, we have no recluse preaching detachment from a world despised; but an artist, joying in the beautiful in all its myriad manifestations, opening up new doors into a realm of delight through which the less fortunate may enter and find pasture.

Mrs. Stepney Rawson is the third daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Fife, R.E. Her husband is a son of the late Sir Rawson W. Rawson, C.B., K.C.M.G. (formerly Governor of the Bahamas, Windward Islands, etc.), is an Oxford football "blue," a distinguished man of science, and a skilled conductor of orchestra. She is at present at work upon a romance which will form a pendant to her "Enchanted Garden."

MRS. HENRY DUDENEY.

A FEW years ago it was no uncommon thing to find the critics condemning the pessimistic outlook of George Gissing and urging him to write more cheerfully. There is no use in that sort of criticism. An author of any native capacity does not write what he ought to, but what he can. Once or twice Gissing took the well-intentioned advice, and his less sombre stories are the poorest of his novels. If life is not always sad, neither is it always blissful, and there is no reason why fiction should look only on the sunny side of it. Art rightly takes the whole of life for its province, and whether he pictures the gracious or the grimmer aspects of it depends upon the experiences and the temperament of the artist. It has been said that the business of the novelist is to give pleasure, and that is true, but he may do so in more than one way. He may please you with the sheer charm of his story, the tenderness of his sentiment, the quaintness of his humour; but he may touch you to a yet finer enjoyment, despite the gloom of his narrative, by his stern truth to the life and character he is depicting and the subtle art with which he depicts them.



Mrs. Henry Dudeney.

It is this latter pleasure, in the main, that one gains from the work of Mrs. Henry Dudeney. She is not so sombre as Gissing, and she leavens the gloom with more of humour, but her humour is largely satirical, and her satire is tinged with bitterness. Nevertheless, though her men and women are generally more or less unpleasant people and her tales unfold with the seamy side outward, she delights the judicious reader and holds his interest by the power of their realistic truthfulness and the knowledge and delicate skill with which her work is done.

And it is a little hard to explain why the darker phases of human character and experience should attract her so. "I hardly know why it is, but most of my novels have tragic endings," she admits; "perhaps it is because I am so happy myself. Perhaps it is because I try to paint life as I have seen it, and the ending of so many real stories seems to be naturally tragic. Ordinarily I take for the starting point of a novel some idea or some situation that has impressed me. For instance, I was led to write what I consider my best book, 'The Maternity of Harriott Wicken,' by the sight of an idiot child, a little girl, in the train. I have for long past kept a notebook and it is filled with sketches of people I have met with and observed, and if some of my characters are not ideal persons, I can only say that I draw them as faithfully as I can from life."

Her best stories are of English country towns and villages. She has herself lived mostly in the country, either in Surrey, at Littlewick Meadow, Horsell, where "Folly Corner," "The Orchard Thief," "The Story of Susan," "The Maternity of Harriott Wicken," and some of her other books were written; or in Sussex, which is her favourite county, and almost the county of her birth, since she went to live there as a child. Sussex is the scene of the majority of her novels. In her latest, "The Runaway Ring," she describes the village of Angmering, in the middle of which is the place she has made her home—Pigeon House Farm, a seventeenth century flint-stone farmhouse standing between the South Downs and the sea. Local legend has it that the name of this house has nothing in common with pigeons, but is a corruption of the name of a Portuguese wool merchant, Pyjoun, who is known to have lived in Angmering in the thirteenth century. The massive stairway in the existing Pigeon House is supposed to have been taken from his house, which probably stood upon the site before the present one was built.

As a beginner, Mrs. Dudeney was first encouraged to write fiction by the late Sir Wemyss Reid, editor of the

Rooms in Pigeon House Farm, Mrs. Dudeney's Home at Angmering, Sussex.

Speaker, and her early stories appeared in Messrs. Cassell's publications, Sir Wemyss Reid being also, at that time, Cassell's general manager. Her first book, "A Man with a Maid," after being rejected by divers publishers, was accepted by Mr. Heinemann for his Pioneer Series. Each time the book was returned to her, Mrs. Dudeney revised it, pulled it to pieces, and re-wrote it; so that before it was published it had been four times re-written. With a few exceptions, notably "Gossips' Green," and "The Shoulder Knot," which Messrs. Cassell issued, all Mrs. Dudeney's books have been published by the publisher of her first—Mr. Heinemann; which is something of a record. Most authors nowadays have nearly as many publishers as books to their names.

Since the appearance of "Folly Corner," in 1899, Mrs. Dudeney has been a frequent contributor of short stories to *Harper's Magazine*, and one is not surprised that she should say the short story appeals to her, as a form of expression, even more than the full-length novel, for the art of her books never lies in the invention of long intricate plots, but in the quick succession and naturalness of the incidents that make up the thread of her narrative and the cunning with which she uses them to bring out the weakness or strength, the vices, virtues, idiosyncrasies of her characters.

A conscientious, systematic worker, Mrs. Dudeney sits at her study table every morning from ten till one, never writing, but tapping her work straightway out on the typewriter, revising it afterwards, adding in marginal notes and interpolating improvements. Wherefore, as a rule, her typescript is not a thing of beauty. When a sheet is too much of a tangle of corrections and additions to be easily legible she types it over again; but this seldom happens, for she invariably makes ample notes before she begins the book, and knows what she is going to say before she sits down to say it. Her plan is to have the end of her story clearly in view from the outset, to settle beforehand whether the principal characters are to die or be made happy, and in what way; and the movement of the tale is mapped out in her mind up to a certain distance; by the time that distance is covered, "I invariably find," she says, "that my characters have a trick of taking affairs into their own hands, and I have only to follow them and let them find their way for themselves to the end I had designed." We are less concerned with the method, however, than with its results, and its results have placed Mrs. Dudeney among the first of our living women novelists, and nothing but the drab, relentless realism of her themes and style prevent her from being also one of the most popular.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

March 1st to April 1st, 1913.

Messrs. George Allen & Co., Ltd.

COX, REV. J. CHARLES.—Cumberland and Westmorland. (New Volume in "County Churches" Series.) 2s. 6d. net, pocket size.
KULPE, PROFESSOR OSWALD.—The Philosophy of the Present in Germany. Translated by M. L. and G. T. W. Patrick. 3s. 6d. net.
MACDONALD, AMICE.—St. George: Beowulf. (New Volume in "Historical Plays" Series.) 6d. net.
STERREY, C. E.—In the Grip of Destiny. 6s.
WEEKS, KENNETH.—Five Unpractical Plays. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Appleton & Co.

BACON, J. C.—The Inheritance. 6s.
BRUERE, H.—New City Government. 6s. net.
CHAMBERS, R. W.—The Gay Rebellion. 6s.
CHAPMAN, F. M.—Color Key to North American Birds. 10s. 6d. net.
CLEVELAND, F. A.—Railroad Finance. 10s. 6d. net.
EDDY, A. J.—The New Competition. 7s. 6d. net.
ELWOOD, C. A.—Sociology in its Psychological Aspects. 10s. 6d. net.
HYDE, G. M.—Newspaper Reporting and Correspondence. 6s. net.
JONES, A.—Marcus Holbeach's Daughter. 6s.
KLAPPER, P.—Principles of Educational Practice. 7s. 6d. net.
LEMCKE, MRS. G.—Chafing Dishes Recipes. New Edition. 2s. 6d. net.
LIGHTON, W. R.—Billy Fortune. 6s.
LINCOLN, J. C.—The Rise of Roscoe Paine. 6s.
McMASTER, J. B.—History of the United States. Vol. 8. 10s. 6d. net.
MEADE, E. S.—Corporation Finance. 7s. 6d. net.
PHILLIPS, D. G.—George Helm. 6s.
PRATT, S. S.—Work of Wall Street. 7s. 6d. net.
RIPLEY, ELIZA.—Social Life in Old New Orleans. 10s. 6d. net.
RITTENBERG, MAX.—The Strange Cases of Dr. Wycherly. 6s.
SLEMONS, J. M.—The Prospective Mother. 6s. net.
SMITH, S. G.—Democracy and the Church. 6s. net.
WEBSTER, H. K.—The Ghost Girl. 6s.
WHITMAN, R. B.—Gas Engine Principles. 6s. net.
WILSON, J. H.—Under the Old Flag (2 vols.). 25s. net.
WOODROW, WILSON.—The Black Pearl. 6s.

Mr. Edward Arnold.

BROWNING, OSCAR.—A General History of the World.
DAVIES, ELLEN C.—Utility Poultry Keeping. 2s. 6d. net.
EVANS, C. S.—Nash and Some Others. 6s.
GARROD, DR. A. E. (and Others).—Diseases of Children. 30s. net.
LEWES, PROFESSOR V., and BRAME, J. S. S.—Service Chemistry.
MACCUNN, JOHN, LL.D.—The Political Philosophy of Burke. 5s. net.
MAURICE, LIEUT.-COL. F.—Sir Frederick Maurice: A Record of his Work and Opinions. 10s. 6d. net.
SELBORNE, COUNTESS OF.—The Young Gardener. 4d.

Messrs. J. W. Arrowsmith, Ltd.

MUSGROVE, DR. C. D.—Breakdowns in Health. Pocket Edition with Picture Wrapper. 2s. 6d. net, and Cheap Edition.
PHILLPOTTS, EDEN.—Johnny Fortnight. 1s. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd.

HOCKING, JOSEPH.—The Jesuit. 1s. net.
JEFFERY, H. J.—Botany for All. 3s. 6d. net.
JONES, BERNARD.—Cycle Repairing and Adjusting. 1s. net.
JONES, BERNARD.—1000 Practical Receipts. 1s. net.
NEIL, REV. J.—Everyday Life in the Holy Land. 7s. 6d. net.
PRAED, MRS. CAMPBELL.—The Mystery Woman. 6s.
ROBERTS, REV. RICHARD.—Jesus, Son of Man. 1s. 6d. net.
ROGERS, F. HERON, A.M.I.M.E., and WATSON, GEORGE W., M.I.M.E., M.I.A.E.—Motor Mechanics' Handbook.—1s. net. and 1s. 6d. net.
TERRISS, ELLALINE.—Ellaline Terriss. 1s. net.
THOMAS, H. H.—Garden Flowers as They Grow. 5s. net.
WALLACE, HELEN.—Morning Glory. 6s.
WILLIAMSON, C. N. and A. M.—The Hidden House. 1s. net.
WINTER, N. C.—Mexico and Her People of To-day. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

AUTHOR OF "THE SURGEON'S LOG."—The Night Nurse. 6s.
CLARK, REV. HENRY W.—The History of English Nonconformity. Vol. II. 15s. net.
CRIBBLE, FRANCIS.—The Tragedy of Isabella II. 15s. net.
EYRE, A. MONTGOMERY.—St. John's Wood. 10s. 6d. net.
JERROLD, LAURENCE.—The French and the English. 7s. 6d. net.
MACMAHON, ELLA.—The Divine Folly. 6s.
STAWELL, MRS. RUDOLPH (Edited by).—Memoirs of the Comte Roger de Damas. 12s. 6d. net.
THURSTON, E. TEMPLE.—The Open Window. 6s.
THURSTON, FATHER M.—The Theology of the Roman Church. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. T. & T. Clark.

ADAMS, REV. JOHN, B.D. (Editor).—The Man Among the Myrtles. Further Volumes in the "Short Course" Series.
MARJORIBANKS, REV. THOMAS, B.D.—The Sevenfold I AM. Further Volumes in the "Short Course" Series.
STRAHAN, REV. JAMES (Author of "Hebrew Ideals.")—The Book of Job. Interpreted. "Expository Times" Index Volume (I.-XX.).
WHITELAW, REV. THOMAS, D.D.—Jehovah-Jesus.

Messrs. J. Clarke & Co.

BYFORD, REV. T. C.—Peasants and Prophets: Baptist Pioneers in Russia and South Eastern Europe. New and Enlarged Edition. 1s. 6d. net and 1s. net.
GIBBERD, VERNON.—Life's Little Lessons: Addresses to Children. 1s. 6d. net.
HOLBORN, REV. ALFRED, M.A.—Led by a Child. And other Sermons. 2s. 6d. net.
HOWELLS, GEORGE, M.A., B.Litt.—The Soul of India: An Introduction to Hinduism. 5s. net.
JONES, REV. J. PULESTON.—Until the Day Dawn. 3s. 6d. net.
MARK, THISELTON, D.Lit., B.Sc.—For Childhood and Youth: Ideals of the Modern Sunday School. 1s. 6d. net.
McEVOY, CUTHBERT, M.A.—The Great Embassy: Studies in the Growth of Christianity. 1s. net.
M'INTYRE, REV. D. M.—Spirit and Power. 2s. 6d. net.
WARSCHAUER, J., M.A., D.Phil.—The Way of Understanding: Studies in the Book of Proverbs.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

BARRACLOUGH, A., M.A.—The Preliminary Arithmetic (for the Cambridge Preliminary Local Examination). 1s. 6d.
BARTLETT, F. C., M.A.—Logic Exercises. 2s. 6d.
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HENRY JAMES.

By Dixon Scott.

FIRST of all, I must take down that title. It makes a banner altogether too bold. A book might maintain it—a fat, four-square book; but a bit of an article built in a corner out of a wretched dole of three-thousand-odd words must never attempt to uphold it, must never pretend it can say anything adequate about the work of the man who is certainly the greatest of all living artists (yes, painters and poets swept in)—at once the most profuse and precise, the most affluent and exquisite—the completed mass* of whose creative work hangs before us now like the cloud of a cathedral—actually equipped, too, in the shape of the new prolonged passages of exterior comment and self-criticism, with its cathedral-like approaches, ambulatories, cloisters, where the arriving reader may positively pace to and fro with the writer—the late visitor with the old master-mason—raising his eyes reverently to the finished achievement of which the latter lingeringly, wonderfully, talks. Why, to make a mere ground-plan of these outer courts alone—a hem as elaborate as lace—would take far more than one's three-thousand dull dots. All they can offer, poor things, is to patter down some single aisle—praying, as they meekly trot, that it may lead towards the centre, perhaps even (as the critics in "The Figure in the Carpet" hoped) to the very axis of the whole. For "*there's a particular thing in my work that I've written my books most for. It's the thing that nobody has ever perceived or mentioned, and yet it's the very heart of the whole.*" So declared (in that fable of "The Figure") the much misunderstood master, Vereker the novelist, "awfully clever, awfully deep," whose own twenty books smiled enigmatically down on the agitated brows of their adorers.

"It hangs there as concrete as a bird in a cage, as a bait on a hook, as a piece of cheese in a mouse-trap. It's the idea without which I wouldn't have given a straw for the whole job. It's the finest, fullest intention of the lot, and the application of it has been a triumph of patience, of ingenuity. I ought to leave that to somebody else to say; but that nobody else does say it is precisely what we're talking about. It stretches from book to book, and everything else plays comparatively over the surface of it. The order, the form, the texture of my books will perhaps some day constitute for the initiated a complete representation of it."

And "so," he adds, "it's naturally the thing for the critic to look for. It strikes me even as the thing for the critic to find." The hapless critic addressed (baffled being), though he peers and probes patiently enough, never *does* find it: that is the tragedy and the tale. But we, coming later, may be luckier. For there is now no manner of doubt whose those volumes really were. In the cloister Mr. James has confessed it. "If ever I was aware of ground and matter for a significant fable," he says drily (in his Preface to Vol. XV.), "I was aware of it here." The words send a thrill through the approaching three-thousand. They have only to discover "the bird in the cage, the bait on the hook"—and their little job is done. Sesame is only three syllables. They might surely manage to write that between them. The hobbling old verger who couldn't conceivably sketch you the smallest scrap of his Cathedral can still manage to carry its key.

Henry James

From "Roderick Hudson." The Novels and Tales of Henry James, Vol. I (Macmillan).

And verily—loitering for a last time between aisle and ambulatory, straying anew through these charged, beloved books—something (it seemed to me) did suddenly sing out, and go ringing and winging from entrance to altar, up to clerestory from choir, leaving in its wake a string of lasting echoes, like a bird kindling tiny points of flame. It sounds absurd—but that was the sensation. There in an instant the essential design flashed up simplified—a lucid pattern piercing all the traceries—as plain as the plan of a house. And it kindled the place doubly: it gave it the queerest air of

* The reference here is to the "First Collected Edition of the Novels and Tales of Henry James"—Vols. I.–XXIV., 8s. 6d. net each (Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)—and to the new, long, ruminative Prefaces with which these volumes are enriched.

home. For this common chord and impulse, running through everything, was nothing less than a happy humility:—it was of Mr. James's simplicity—of his innocence, eagerness, honesty—of his monkish love (above all) for things lowly and neglected, that the bright responses spoke as they sprang. It might not be his "finest, fullest intention"—but it was full enough, and immensely it was fine;—and it *did* "govern every line" as Vereker vowed it would—it *had* "chosen every comma, every word." The staggering thing was one's failure to perceive it long before—that, and one's perception that still, outside the walls, all such talk of *reverence, innocence, eagerness* would seem the mere self-conscious capers of cheap cleverness. "Henry James simple?"—it sounds such two-a-penny paradox. "Henry James humble?"—worse and worse. Recondite—fastidious—super-subtle—exquisite—"awfully clever and awfully deep"—these are so clearly the qualities reflected in all the mirrors that hold his reputation: qualities pointed to complacently by the superior, gruffly resented by the gross. How came this distortion? Was it humanly possible? What could make so many mirrors twist the truth?

Well, I seemed to see that too; and it was the queerest sight of all. Just a little bit, of course, it was the result of our way of lazily relying on reflectors instead of staring straight and hard at the roof—exactly like the fatigued souls you see in the Sistine thankfully accepting little looking-glasses from the guides, into which you can certainly look as you loll, but which make Michelangelo's right left and his left right. But there was something far profounder than this. The mad tergiversation was mainly the tragic result—tragic because quite inevitable—of a wild piece of interior treachery—a trick played on Mr. James by his medium. It was caused by a process which perverted its own avowed aims—a process which made simplicity seek the side of her arch-enemy, and "The Dove" appear a very serpent, and a fresh-hearted adoration for the common home-spun of life seem a philandering with gold-leaf and luxury. It was a supreme example of technical mutiny: it is the most thrilling case of the kind in recent letters. And—I want my three-thousand to trace its twists. Set out in full, scene by scene, it would make a wonderful tale: a perfect sequel, in art, to that "Figure in the Carpet" of which it is, in life, the precursor. But a rough scenario may have virtue. It is not, after all, for its own effectiveness that one tells the tale—it is for the effect it has on tales already told. It burnishes "The Golden Bowl," lends new wonder to "The Wings of the Dove." Lacking this clue you may indeed drink deep enjoyment—delighting in the colour and the spaciousness and the bursts of music, the remote clear groups and shining celebrants—but it is a pleasure as incomplete as our poor Protestant delight in the great churches of the continent. You miss the scheme and the scale—the *rationale* of the ritual—you miss above all the eager care for humanity, the desire to render intimate aid. To see these things you must realise that it was a sweet affection for the earth that sent the whole edifice soaring and that all this pomp and splendour is at heart a protest against pride.

So that it is with no idea of being just frightfully original and all that—it is simply out of a decent desire to be useful—that one now hauls down that heading—gives it an added humility—and runs it up again as

"THE HUMILITY OF HENRY JAMES."

Now the cleanest way of catching up this Ariadne-clue is to turn at once to the very earliest of his tales—the earliest, at all events, of those that find a place in the finished scheme of his Works. It is forty years, all but, since "A Passionate Pilgrim," first appeared—it is more than forty since it was written—and yet so clearly had Mr. James already perceived his true task, so firmly has he held to his course, that the story still stands as the

Mr. Henry James's House at Rye.

perfect porch to his work—an epitome as well as a prelude. Its title is the best brief definition of Mr. James the artist. "A Passionate Pilgrim" is just the name one would choose for that other fine story, of which these twenty-four books are single chapters, and in which Mr. James plays the part of chief character.

The tale itself will be widely remembered: with its bright objective charm, and its purple velvet "curtain," it has always been one of the pieces that even rugged anti-Jacobites have been able to allow themselves, without loss of caste, to enjoy. Poor Clement Searle, a toil-weary American, comes, fine and faded, at the close of his life, to the England he has dreamed of all his days; and surveys it with the famished delight of an heir coming home after exile. He has nothing but his "nice tastes, fine sympathies and sentiments"; apart from that he "doesn't pay five cents in the dollar"; but he offers his sharpened senses, made the more sensitive by fasting, to all the great traditional features of the consolatory Anglo-Saxon scene. He prowls about London—visits Hampton Court—wanders deep into the shires—seeks lastly the supreme sacredness of Oxford: the "action" of the tale—its love-affair and phantom—is scarcely more than a piece of delicate clock-work to keep his impressions softly circling, a cycle of familiar English hours; and the episodes that ring, with gradually deepening note, are but the due chimes, silvery or golden, to point and punctuate their passing.

"*The country-side, in the full warm rains of the last of April, had burst into sudden perfect spring. The dark walls of the hedgerows had turned into blooming screens, the sodden verdure of lawn and meadow been washed over with a lighter brush. We went forth without loss of time for a long walk on the great grassy hills, smooth arrested central billows of some primitive upheaval, from the summit of which you find half England unrolled at your feet. A dozen broad counties, within the scope of your vision, commingle their green exhalations. Closely beneath us lay the dark rich hedgy flats and the copse-chequered slopes, white with the blossom of apples. At widely opposite points of the expanse two great towers of cathedrals rose sharply out of a reddish blur of habitation, taking the mild English light.*"

Again:

"*Passing through the small oblique streets in which the long, grey battered public face of the colleges seems to watch jealously for sounds that may break upon the stillness of study, you feel it the most dignified and most educated of cities. . . . Directly after our arrival my friend and I wandered forth in the luminous early dusk. We reached the bridge that underspans the walls of Magdalen and saw the eight-spired tower, delicately fluted and embossed, rise in temperate beauty—the perfect prose of Gothic—wooing the eyes to the sky that was slowly drained of day.*"

Once more:

"*The sky never was empty and never idle; the clouds were continually at play for our benefit. Over against us, from our station on the hills, we saw them piled and dissolved, condensed and shifted, blotting the blue with sullen rain-spots, stretching, breeze-fretted, into dappled fields of grey, bursting into an explosion of light or melting into a drizzle of silver.*"

And the task performed by the tale is indeed that of a dial—a *memento*—not *mori*—but of life; a delicate admonitor reminding us of our myriad overlooked opportunities. Watching Searle fingering with such passionate envy all the old objects—from the very carpets on the floors of our inns ("*into which the waiter in his lonely revolutions had trodden so many massive soot-flakes and drops of overflowing beer that the glowing looms of Smyrna would have failed to know them*") to our silver

By St. Peter's (Rome).

From "Daisy Miller, and other Tales." The Novels and Tales of Henry James, Vol. 18 (Macmillan).

The Luxembourg Gardens.

From "The Ambassadors." The Novels and Tales of Henry James, Vol. 22 (Macmillan).

ceilings of " breeze-fretted " sky, we waken to a sudden consciousness of the wonderful wealth of our home. We realize our amazing good luck. The book is an exquisite inventory—a catalogue, especially, of the things we have seen so often that we had forgotten they were there. Poor Searle never came into his kingdom—but he made us his heirs none the less. Worn out by the very passion that made him so perceptive, he dies, a little crazed, unadmitted. But he had done his job very beautifully. He endured the toil of the pilgrimage. We get the grail.

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Not an "i" need be dotted nor an angle adjusted to make that the perfect symbol of what followed. It announces Mr. James's task—it exactly illustrates the special method he invented—it even physically foreshadows the uncanny danger that was to haunt and chill it like a ghost. The range shifts, the focus alters: the landscapes become landscapes with figures—the figures turn into portraits: in " The Portrait of a Lady " Europe has become a kind of tapestry, hanging behind the figure of Isabel like the map in that portrait of Vermeer's. But the effect of this adjustment was but to bring the eye the closer to the little universals, the things of daily life: the lineaments of desire and distress, the homely gestures of joy—an even triter stuff than fields and clouds. And for the purpose of noting these qualities, reminding us of their romance, there were always called in characters who were kinsfolk of Searle—as full of " fine tastes " and eager senses—people of " The Finer Grain "—" The Better Sort." And, finally, for the privilege of rendering this service to the reader, they all had to pay a price as dreadful as that exacted from poor Searle: they have all paid for it with health or with life or with the joys of success, with one or other of life's normal satisfactions. Doomed to sterility, invariably frustrate, they may seem to us like a new Order of abnegants, undergoing strange penances, suffering for the sake of the world.

Recall them to your memory. Let them troop past in turn. Roderick Hudson—Daisy Miller, the youngest and the blithest, yet both paying for their ardour with their lives, killed exactly by the fine force of their vitality. Isabel Archer—Isabel Osmond, supreme in the pale sisterhood, her tragedy in the altered name: giving joy and taking sorrow, turned to marble resignation and mute grief by the refracted beams of her own first radiance. Ralph Touchett—Madame Merle, Madame de Cintré, doubly a renunciant, and Newman, refusing even his revenge. Little Hyacinth Robinson, rarest of suicides, slain by the echo of his own ideal, by the fall of the arrow he had let fly at the stars: near to Narcissus in more than name. Stuart Straith and Mrs. Harvey, Marcher and May Bartram, Neil Paraday, Dencombe, Morris Gedge—all the foiled multiplied people of " The Better Sort,"—eager artists and authors, too fine for their places, used and then left, their wings bruised by the rough shoulders of the world. The crushed watcher in "The Cage"—the crushed teacher in " The Pupil "—the ebbing wraith of the pupil himself. The four figures in " The Golden Bowl "—suffering and frustrate in exact proportion to their fineness. And then, last and loveliest, in " The Wings of the Dove,"* Milly Theale, with her deep malady, the perfect type of all these *condamnés*—panting for life because she must die, draining as much of its essence as she may with lips as feverish as poor Searle's. *"Tous condamnés à mort avec des sursis indefinis,"* they do indeed seize their chance of " expanding that interval, of getting as many pulsations as possible into the time." That is exactly why they are condemned. Those pulsations are our pleasure. They give their lives indeed: they give them to us. They die that we may live more completely.

Of the magnificence of the gift, of the beauty it has brought us, I mean to speak in a moment. But what must be pointed out first—it is the next length in our skein—is the absolute inevitability of this martyrdom, this strange sacrificial etiolation. And by that I do not merely mean that Mr. James is himself one of " the finer grain," and that his characters are the moons that reflect his own characteristic perceptions back upon us; or that his deepest instincts (always sternly Puritan) see the world as a place where the fine souls always suffer. It is something much more concrete and technical than that, and at the same time immensely more bizarre. For this fantastic fate was the result of three things—all of them aiming at the very contrary: (1) of Mr. James's respect for normality; (2) of his respect for his reader; (3) of his deep delight in the little joys of the world, in the free treasures that strew it without number. By one of the prettiest, wickedest tricks Art ever played on a priest of hers, the very prayers that implored simplicity and sanity became the agents that invoked strangeness and fear and the flitting of questionable shapes.

The way of it was this.

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" The novel is history. That is the only general description we may give to it." " The air of reality (solidity of specification) seems to me to be the supreme virtue of the novel—the merit on which all its other merits helplessly and submissively depend." " The only reason for the novel's existence is that it does attempt to represent life." " The supreme faculty of the novelist is a capacity for receiving straight impressions." He must strive to be *" one of those people upon whom nothing is lost."*

These are Mr. James's first principles, his Credo and credentials. He announced them thirty years ago. (They appear in an essay called " the Art of Fiction "—at once his profession of faith and of his faith in his profession—which he wrote as a protest against Besant's

* Mr. James's own comment upon Milly Theale is well worth quoting here—if only for the sake of its curious resemblance to that famous " pulsation " passage of Pater's. " 'The Wings of the Dove,' " he says in his Preface to that book, " represents to my memory a very old motive; I can scarce remember the time when the situation on which this long-drawn fiction mainly rests was not vividly present to me. The idea, reduced to its essence, is that of a young person conscious of a great capacity for life, but early stricken and doomed, *condemned to die under short respite, while also enamoured of the world; aware, moreover, of the condemnation, and passionately desiring to 'put in' before extinction as many of the finer vibrations as possible.*" The reader's memory may also be invited to travel back, for the sake of noting an exactly equivalent case, to the first book of " The Portrait of a Lady," written thirty years before, where Ralph Touchett's sense for life, his capacity for serving us as cicerone, is made perfect by the same dire process. " He said to himself that his hour was in sight, and that it behoved him to keep his eyes upon it, but that it was also open to him to spend the interval as agreeably as might be consistent with such preoccupation. With the prospect of losing them, the simple use of his faculties became an exquisite pleasure; it seemed to him that the delights of observation had never been suspected."

bourgeois views of it—and which drew, in its turn, "A Humble Remonstrance," from young Stevenson—an elegant request for gore.) They are his first principles, and his last. The new Prefaces repeat and expand them. Now watch where they logically lead. The novel is history. It is not a mere game of make-believe. From any hint of fictitiousness, accordingly, any touch that might shake the reader's confidence, the story must scrupulously refrain. There must be no Thackerayan asides (for instance) nor any of those genial betrayals of which Trollope was so fond, in which the artist owns up that the whole thing is ventriloquism and the characters merely his dolls. To take the reader into your confidence in that way is to admit that you are taking him in. It is to cancel his confidence with your own. The author in person must never intrude. The characters must live their own lives, make their explanations unaided—their ability to do so indeed being the very proof of the validity of their conception. Their reality, that is to say, depends altogether on their power to realise. If their self-consciousness is weak they will tend to grow shadowy. To give them solidity, you must screw up their awareness. And thus, so far as the Jacobean stage is concerned, *this faculty for being intensely aware of their environment is their very principle of life.*

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Photo by Fredk. Hollyer.

From a portrait painted by Miss Anna Lea Merritt about 1886.

Henry James.

Now apply to this position those companion resolutions: the resolve to respect and mirror the modesty

of human nature; the resolve to reveal the treasure of the humble and bring out the romance of the familiar. Instantly, that state of keen consciousness has to be tightened up terrifically. Only uncommon eyes—the eyes of a Touchett or a Searle—can see the common things of life with any vividness: it takes the palate of an epicure to appreciate the flavour of dry bread. Set among smashes and crashes—tiger-hunts, earthquakes, pirates and doubloons—Mr. James's characters might have managed to observe Rule I. (that rule of self-awareness), and still remain pretty normal and sound: even a stockbroker could take fairly clear impression from a tomahawk. But to feel with intensity more usual things than tomahawks requires a character proportionately unusual;—and in that invincible see-saw—situation down, temperament up—you get the central movement that has eternally teased the spiritual balance of Mr. James's art. It forms the capital letter of his Tale. In order to accomplish his democratic task he had to breed a race of rare aristocrats. In order to make his reader see and understand the excellence of the normal human scene he had to usher him into a recondite world of studios and salons and hushed leisure, where the faculty of observation is cultured like an orchid and every influence that might coarsen it is quelled.

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And the reader as he tiptoed in might well feel disturbed. Very strange it is, even a little terrifying, to see the subtle ways in which this hush has reacted on the inhabitants. The people who move here display the blanched signs of seclusion; almost they seem like the subjects of some ominous experiment, caged in a crystal bell, sensitised by subtle arts, refined away to the naked nerve. Regard the men. To keep their fingers quick and fine, they are prohibited from toil: they must do nothing that will interrupt their special task of apprehension: they are all artists, writers, convalescents—consumptives (like Touchett)—dilettanti (like Gabriel Nash)—quivering creatures who are either observers by profession or else in a state of starved susceptibility. Even when virility has to be admitted, for the sake of dramatic contrast, it is always in the shape of workers whose work is done: men like Newman, Caspar Goodwood, Mr. Vervey—all compelled to qualify for admission to these salons, to justify their presence in these studios, by devoting the results of the work that made them strong to the feminine task of making themselves fine. But mainly it is a world of women. Already enfranchised, already fastidious, supremely self-aware—specialists already in the arts of observation and the subtler sorts of calculation—they offered Mr. James exactly the material he required, and their figures are the most active in his scene. Yet even they had to suffer, to be specialised still further, and the process left a poison in their blood. They are all strangely sterile. They bear no children. The very penalty that punishes too close breeding in real life has visited this imaginary race. Each of them, like Milly Theale, is "the last exquisite flower of a dying stock." They are "finished" in both senses of the word: final as well as fine.

And this effect of finality is not only physical. It is involved in the very tissues of their attitude towards life—is indeed the conditioning quality of their characters. For posterity is but a kind of postponement: the idea of a future makes procrastination proper;—and the essence of Mr. James's contract with these people is that they shall extort the very utmost from the present—pack To-day to bursting with "pulsations." The hushed room in which they dwell is therefore the last of a suite: it has no doorway leading out into new lives. One of his books is called "Terminations,"* and the title would do for them all. Their last sentences are always sentences of death. As in the great, grim devastating dramas of the ancients, the descent of the curtain at the close seems scarcely needful: there is nothing left to conceal. All has been cancelled out and settled up: only the lights remain unextinguished. In the merciless justice of these audits, in this cold refusal to allow debts to stand over and Fate to be fobbed off with promissory notes, we may perhaps discern the pressure, once more, of Mr. James's essential Puritanism—a grim New England delight in (1) a defiant honesty of book-keeping, an insistent production of all the vouchers that prove the integrity of every act and scene, and in (2) moral warnings and arraignments, reminders of the implacable accountancy of life. But it is the exquisite avidity of his creatures that gives these impulses their opportunity. It is their very joy in life that makes their days all Days of Judgment. For their acute consciousness of the present cuts through to the past behind. Their "historic sense" is keen, and it registers messages as faint as sighs. The most familiar things exhale them, sometimes dreadfully: forgotten graves, long turned to gardens, keep giving up their dead. Louisa Pallant is the living

Portland Place.

From "The Golden Bowl. The Novels and Tales of Henry James, Vol. 24 (Macmillan)

* Heinemann.

presence of her mother's buried selfishness. It is her father's blood in her veins, even more than her recoil from his hands, that carries Kate Croy into the dubious labyrinth that leads, at last (in "The Wings of the Dove"), to the strangest crime yet committed in our literature. Parental relics are the talismans in "The Tragic Muse": the tale is the fight between Nick Dormer and their spells. In "The Portrait of a Lady," by a refinement rarely noticed, it is the clinging touch of Osmond's daughter, who is the living symbol of the wrong which the innocence of Isabel has to expiate, that prevents the latter from escaping from her doom. Everywhere the past thrills and populates the air. We see the stage with clairvoyant eyes. There is a constant resurrection of dead deeds.

And of more than deeds. . . . Uncannier than anything we have noted yet, I think, is the grisly phenomenon we come to now: the fact that actual apparitions, visible phantoms—not mere metaphors but horrid actual semblances of people dead and grieving—are constantly being invoked in secret in these high, bright, super-civilised Jacobean abodes, with their air of supreme polish and discretion.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Henry James (1890).

"I heard the great clock in the little parlour below strike twelve, one, half-past one. Just as the vibration of this last stroke was dying on the air the door of communication with Searle's room was flung open and my companion stood on the threshold, pale as a corpse, shining like a phantom against the darkness behind him. 'Look well at me!' he intensely gasped 'touch me, embrace me, well revere me! You see a man who has seen a ghost!'"

That crazed cry of Searle's, heard in the very porch, echoes through them all. It is a phantom (foretold in the first chapter of the book) that summons Isabel Archer to Ralph's death-bed (in the last). The hero of "Sir Edmund Orme" is a spectre. "The Way It Came" is woefully, wonderfully haunted. An apparition baffles the actors in "The Real Thing." In "The Turn of the Screw," the hideous spectres of the dead Quint and his drab return to prey still further on the little children whom they had corrupted when alive. . . . It is an obsession that the surrounding urbanity has served somehow to conceal: but which that urbanity really makes the more amazing. It is a symptom as startling as that harsh cry of Searle's—and it means the breaking of an unbearable tension. The overstrung nerves of these people—stretched to catch the faintest pulsation and to proclaim its presence in music—have broken with the scream of snapped harp-strings. It is a kind of hysteria induced by the hush. Shut in with their sensations, forced forever to watch the play of impalpable motives, they have lost the boundary between the imagined and the real; and ideas take living faces and grope dreadfully about their rooms. Almost it might seem that they, or their creator, had tampered with forbidden keys and opened the unpermitted door. . . .

But there is another and less darkling explanation. These grisly apparitors are essentially (I feel), the signs of sanity and rude health: messengers, not of death, but of life. They are the results of a kind of rebelliousness on the author's part—a protest against his own principles; a sudden splendid wicked shout and heave and unregenerate roar of pure relief. It is a case of fidgets, not of phantoms—restive muscles not weak nerves—and it joins with many another case of covert violence in these books to prove that the boy in Mr. James is still alive. For although it is never noticed or mentioned (having been most craftily screened), the air of invincible decorum presented by these books masks a tremendous amount of thorough-going melodrama. From Daisy Miller's death to the Verver's elaborate adultery—from little Hyacinth's suicide to "the low insurance job," in "The Dove"; in the lies of "The Liar" and the maniacal outburst of his wife; in the case of coldly furious infanticide in "The Author of Beltraffio":—wherever you turn, once your eyes are awake to it, the shaggy face of violence looks out. And I like it. I find it gentle, reassuring. It is a concession claimed by the simpler side of Mr. James: his one week-day in a year of solid Sundays. And doubly therefore does it stand as another symptom of the quality of democratic sympathy which is the heart of his whole work. Democratic enough in itself (goodness knows) it is also exactly the backlash and consequence of the tension he created in his equally democratic desire to register honourably the little things of daily life. Too perfect a humility makes Hamlets of us all. And it is the Hamlets of the world who see ghosts. . . .

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Time! "Ghosts" is my three-thousand-and-oddth word. And there is so much yet left to say. We have seen indeed how his very eagerness and devotion led him into remote and dubious ways. But there

Mr. Henry James in his Study.
(About 1900.)

ought further to be shown (an oddly charming sight) the way the self-same qualities of eagerness and sympathy worked to save what they had half destroyed. That beautiful outer urbanity, which concealed their excesses so perfectly, was one of their achievements. They enabled his prose to absorb so many qualities, so many kinds of epithets and images, that it could make the most extravagant gestures as it moved and yet maintain an air of bland composure. It is the most "universal" —the most republican—prose in our literature—composed of more elements than any other, deriving from sources more varied, maintaining its health and balance by an intricate system of counterpoise and cross-fertilisation. If the style is the man, as people keep on saying, then Mr. James's humility could be triumphantly proved by simply analysing a series of his sentences. Incessantly on the one hand, they are dowering the smallest acts, facts, or features, with great spreading pinions of imagery. As often, on the other, they are expressing the subtlest apprehensions in terms domestic, idiomatic, colloquial—using a sort of celestial slang. And the result of this intermarrying is prose of a superb strength and suppleness, a prose probably unsurpassed since Shakespeare's—and able, at its highest moments of passion, when it is aflame with a beauty greater than even that borne by most self-avowed poetry, to maintain the serene carriage of the estate to which it belongs, and deprecate any suggestion of a ceremony.

But to speak of that properly would require quotation, and already I am overdrawn. Persuade THE BOOKMAN to dole me out another thousand or so and I will take up the tale another month. And go on to show that the legendary difficulty of his later work is really the result of a greater ease, and that the quality that terrifies the reader there is the result of an increased hospitality, and now—but *basta!*

DR. MACGREGOR.*

BY C. W. BOYD.

THEY go, the old familiar faces, the big people of a man's boyhood. In one compartment of life—and some of us have lived perforce our lives in compartments—two such faces passed out of sight, not out of memory, on the same November day two years ago: Professor Flint, one of the last in the golden line of Scottish theologians; and the Very Rev. James Macgregor, Royal Chaplain in three reigns, and mighty orator. Compared with names like these the present Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, Dr. Marcus Dill—who worthily represents the tradition of Dr. Robert Lee, Principal Tulloch, and Principal Story—Dr. Dill and his designed successor, Dr. Wallace Williamson, are but youngsters. In the reviewer's mind is the Church of his Fathers, in his own Father's day; he looks back on a throng of grave and reverend figures. And Dr Macgregor is the last of them.

"For about fifty years the Chrysostom of Scottish preachers," so his beloved friend and old assistant, Dr. Fleming of St. Columba's, hits off Macgregor's place among his contemporaries. Anywhere in Scotland the mere rumour of his coming to preach, to speak, or lecture, would stir men's minds in advance, and

* "Life and Letters of the Rev. James Macgregor, D.D., Minister of St. Cuthbert's Parish, Edinburgh, one of His Majesty's Chaplains." By the Lady Frances Balfour. 12s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

besiege the place of meeting. "Where are all these people going?" asked Dean Stanley of a working man, when, on his way to St. John's Episcopal Church in Princes Street, Edinburgh, he saw the black tide flow past its doors. "To hear Macgregor," was the answer.

It was a tiny man, with the head of a Titan, a beard like Homer's, and a voice of thunder. As "wee Macgregor of the Tron," he first and early made his mark, impressing himself on the imagination wherever he came. Thus early he was a character, and legend—mainly untrue—accumulated round the little body and the tremendous gifts. A character he remained, bearing with him, near or far, an electric atmosphere to which men, in multitudes or individually, from the Queen and the Prime Minister down to the cab-driver and further, must equally submit. As a preacher Dean Stanley placed Dr. Macgregor below Principal Caird of Glasgow, but before Canon Liddon. Another critic almost as eminent pronounced him "equal with Liddon, but before Magee" (Archbishop of York), "*longo inter vallo*." "There are not many more outstanding men to-day," says his biographer, "than one who said that 'neither Caird, Guthrie, Macleod, Liddon, Wilberforce, nor Magee, was equal to the best of Macgregor.'" If the personage quoted was the late Duke of Argyll he knew something about it, for there were few finer orators than himself. But it may be permissible to quote yet another, but a living, authority. In an English country house the other day Mr. Balfour was being questioned about the great orators of his recollection. Mr. Gladstone, John Bright, and the others usually put top, were named. "And Dr. Macgregor?" asked a compatriot. "Oh, Dr. Macgregor, as of course, one must rank him with the greatest."

But it is with the orator as with his poor relation—that thing of temperament divorced from intellect, as Henley called him—the actor. The voice ceases, the electric light goes out, and unless, which is rare, the orator has had that secondary gift of epigram or cunning phrase in the degree which we call style, *actum est de* the orator: "Into the night go one and all." Hence the justice and propriety of this biography. Lady Frances Balfour is a true daughter of a Race which, whatever else you may say of it—and the rest of Scotland may be roughly divided according as it views the Campbells—has never wanted for brains and character and a strong sense of its identity with the Scottish people and with the Scottish national religion. Now to the House of Argyll "Dr. Hamish" bore an adopted clansman's loyalty. There an intimacy opened and embraced him when his own hearth was tragically desolate. "None of you will ever know what you were in my life at that time," he wrote, near the end, to one of the Inverary children of those days. It is another of them who here has beautifully kept faith with early friendship and association. For we owe it to Lady Frances Balfour that even an alien reader must realise how it was that Macgregor mattered so much to all who knew him, and on what foundations of humanity and experience his lighthouse arose.

First must be put his Faith. With everything—you would say—to try him, excepting the gift of his vitality: physical disability, for he was in a measure deformed; narrow means and hard times besetting the Perthshire farm, beautiful for situation, in which he was born and bred; his "sorrowful youth," as he himself described it, "a heart long seared in very sorrow;" he seems never to have suffered a doubt in himself or in anybody else. It was the same when the perfect happiness of his home was shattered, and in one year he lost his first wife, whose beautiful face looks out on us (on p. 172), his two girls, and his mother. One does not care to transcribe the simple and moving words in which he speaks of himself as able "not only calmly, but thankfully" to think of his loss; but it is all summed up in the quotation, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." The most sceptical of persons watching the man's heart in his letters—which alone justify this biography—and in fragments of his reported speech, must perceive that he was singularly armed. Orators have hard words said of them, and we think on the whole with justice, and that eloquence has injured the world as much as it has helped it. *This* orator in his sincerity was white-hot. And next must be put his amazing vitality and therewith his sympathy. The first was not preserved without a certain amount of care: old friends will remember that after any special effort his plan, given a spare hour, was to go to bed; and, said he, "You musn't merely lie down, you must take off your things and get inside." Even so, he undertook and carried out tasks which would have left most people in a week of like experience exhausted neurasthenics, and, as the "live wire," which an American visitor called him, went through life, with all its duties, trials, and pleasures, filled with the joy of it, overwhelmed with interest in everything and everybody, giving or rather hurling himself with both hands at every one who needed him. It is clear enough that though he read widely and was a born linguist he could not be called a scholar; and a theologian in a systematic sense, Dr. Fleming tells the reviewer, he was not. His literary work is not—you could not call him a man of letters. Yet few are the masters of English prose that "come off" more notably in descriptions

The Approach to Como.

From "Italian Hours" by Henry James. (Heinemann).

of natural scenery. Even in his Glasgow lodgings he is recreated when he catches a view from a back window of "the glittering peaks of the everlasting hills . . . I think Ben Lomond is visible, crested and crowned with that brightest coronet, the pure virgin snow." We have no accounts of far-off places much better than Macgregor's pictures of Palestine, and of the great North West which the Governor-General's chaplain perceived with the eyes of prophecy abundantly fulfilled since. Yet these are not better than the perpetual thumb-nail sketches on every other page of his correspondence, and perpetual on his lips. It is vain to wish that Dr. Macgregor had put himself to school and trained and found expression in work of permanent literary value. It was his to spend all that he had on the claim of the moment without thought of posthumous name—on friendship for the lowly and the great, in sympathy, consolation, exhortation, reproof. Thence, so nearly as we can put it, came his influence and his secret. That was his mark all through: at Paisley, where, as a mere lad, he was minister of the High church and already a marked man: in the quiet country charge of Monimail: in the now vanished Tron church at Glasgow. There he became, after the Scottish usage, assistant and successor to the aged Rev. Dr. Boyd, who, as Lady Frances says, "had the most ungrudging delight in the new life which Macgregor infused into a somewhat chill and uphill atmosphere. A very cordial relation between old and young, in the biographer's words," this was, "leaving nothing but happy memories behind it." Nearly thirty years later Dr. Macgregor, not without tears, revived these days for one of his old senior's descendants, painting with exquisite touches the features and character of one dead before his auditor was born, and solemnly averring the value of their bond of the Gaelic and of Highland blood, since the old clergyman of the Tron, though of West Country name and ancestry, was Perthshire born and bred, "had two hundred years of the Highlander in him." Dr. Boyd died in June, 1865, in his eightieth year, and Macgregor was left alone in the charge till 1868, when he passed to the Tron Church, Edinburgh, where his influence strengthened and his genius was generally recognised. Then in 1873 came St. Cuthbert's, and as Dr. Macgregor of St. Cuthbert's he was known for nearly forty years. The record of that time in Lady Frances Balfour's pages is triumphant and happy though the old wounds were there. But early in 1892 an old friend wrote to him "that he was thankful the fire was again to be lighted on his hearth," and in his second marriage Dr. Macgregor found understanding and sympathy, and a happiness which lasted to his end in 1910. The later years of St. Cuthbert's time must be followed in the biographer's setting. One side may be mentioned. "The Church in danger" is no cry of the hour in Scotland of to-day when the two great Churches grow together; but twenty years ago the Church of Scotland was face to face with possible disestablishment and disendowment. Then indeed Dr. Macgregor blazed like the Burning Bush, which is the emblem of his Church, but like that, was not consumed; only the heather went on fire. Disestablishment was not, because the Scottish people would not have it.

Perhaps it may be permitted in conclusion to quote from an unpublished early impression left by Dr. Macgregor in old days on the mind of one of the sons of one of his oldest friends. For this, too, illustrates the man, as we think the biographer will admit, although, in the nature of things, it plainly could not have entered verbally into her text.

"I cannot tell you when I first saw Dr. Macgregor. Probably I heard him before I saw him; for he comes up out of childhood as something inseparable from one's earliest memories like the voice of the wind at St. Andrews, or the voice of the North Sea. Anyhow, *he was there*; lying about us in our infancy (like Heaven in Wordsworth's poem), almost truculently cordial, and of a roaring kindness, lifting up my youngest brother and myself like terriers, and swinging us. Probably he came over for the Fast Day, a period marked in my brother's mind and mine as one when the house was mysteriously crowded with black coats, and when, as one of my brothers added, it 'smelt of sherry.' It was of Dr. Macgregor in those days that old Tom Morris that 'wale of auld men' said to my father, 'he gars the rafters of the auld Kirk ring.' He was otherwise described as 'a' fleein' aboot.' At these vanished festivals of the church I recall Dr. Wallace, afterwards editor of the *Scotsman* and later M.P., Dr. Watson of Dundee, Dr. Leishman, Dr. Burns of Glasgow Cathedral (and dear Mrs. Burns, the good fairy of us children), but, first and foremost, your Doctor Hamish.

"He used to arrive—this was a later observation—wrapped in innumerable coats and plaids, from which my father was some time in unwinding him. Then restoratives—very appropriate to the climate, and the journey, and the man—were usually applied. There was a legend of his once arriving visibly the worse for the old crossing in the steamer, long, long before Forth Bridge days. Soup, sherry, and other things were suggested. None of these was received with rapture. Then my dear mother proposed to exhibit very strong hot whisky and water. He gazed at her as at one inspired, and with awful conviction exclaimed, 'You're a good—Christian—woman!'

"The rest is not silence, far from it, but a benevolent roaring—for us children, a part of the scheme of things; it rings round one's recollection of childhood, but definite memories evade one, only an episode or two emerges from the mist. I remember Dr. Macgregor picking up a Hebrew Bible, and reading to my brother and myself with immense dramatic effect. I remember his picking up a volume of English—Ruskin, I found out subsequently—and in the same manner rolling off some magnificent verbal thunder. That was a child's first sense of the splendour of English prose. I remember that suddenly, in the midst of monologue, or dialogue, Dr. Macgregor would pull out a watch and rush upstairs and lie down. The habit of 'lying down'—a thing which only one's mother did, and that only when there was thunder about—seemed part of the mysterious endowment of orators.

"Of his sermons I best recollect one delivered, not at St. Andrew's, but in Fettes College Chapel. He began extraordinarily quietly, having himself infinitely well in hand. In a little the familiar thunder and lightning broke over us. I can feel again the extraordinary hush of the boys in that beautiful chapel, and see again the intent, mesmerised look of one's English masters.

"Later, when I had done with school, and was grown up (say twenty-one), and at home during one of his visits, I had a chance to observe Dr. Macgregor from the advanced standpoint of a mature person who was in *statu pupilari* to Mr. Henley (that other great natural force), and had 'sat under' Henry Irving and others who shared Dr. Macgregor's magical 'way' with their fellow-men. He had come to deliver some lecture or address probably to the divinity students at St. Mary's College; but anyhow dinner was late, or was replaced, for his convenience, by supper some time after nine o'clock. There were present besides Dr. Macgregor, just my father and mother, my

sister, then home like myself on a visit, and myself. I know not what time we arose, but I know that we sat interminably hanging on Macgregor's words. It struck me then 'this is splendid; this is better than Irving, oh! better than anybody, probably as good as Salvini; but *it's of their kind*. If I ran over to the Alick B—s (which the Lang's had that winter) what would HE (the great Andrew, idol of one's youth and always) make of all this? Probably not much!'

"What I meant to convey to myself was 'this is temperament, is genius; but isn't it chiefly temperament not intellect?' Yet even when he talked of books in what to me, a bookish lad, in the extreme precocity of youth and of the *Scots Observer* persuasion, seemed a somewhat jejune and Philistine fashion, Dr. Macgregor was still splendid. One ceased to figure to one's self or to care what Mr. Lang would have thought of these fireworks.

"I remember how he called a spade a spade. He spoke of the inconvenience of giving evidence in the Scottish Law Courts. I asked: 'What took you there, Sir?' 'It was a damned blackguardly case, my dear,' the Doctor equably rejoined, in a shattering aside.

"His mood, I remember, became more emotional as the evening wore on. I remember my sister whispering to me in baseless admonition, 'You are drinking *too much*.' I said, answering, 'You shut up. I do but wait upon our honoured guest. He is splendid. Attend to every syllable.' Collegiate charges were mentioned. Dr. Macgregor said that they were 'either a blessing or a curse,' and mentioned, as well he might, that his own colleague, Dr. William Williamson, was splendid. And *he* was splendid for a few moments upon Dr. Williamson. Then regarding my father—pale and clear-cut, beside him, an abstemious figure—'And what of your case, dear-r-r friend?' His dear friend said (and with truth) that he was blessed indeed in Dr. A——. 'Then,' said Macgregor, with a tremendous intonation, 'Bless God upon your knees for it.' I said solemnly, 'Hear, hear,' and exchanged with Dr. Macgregor a holy look. The Doctor extended his right hand and pointed at me. There was a moment's silence, and he said with conviction: 'That's the young Christian.' My sister (who with my mother was now on the verge of apoplexy) aimed at me a vicious kick under the table. Presently, dear Dr. Macgregor dismissed the congregation. 'Away,' he said, 'to your dear, dear beds. This good lad will sit up with me and take his smoke.' Late into the night sat the two Christians pledging one another and their cause.

"Next day Dr. Macgregor and I went for a walk. He told me stories of his old professors; he spoke to me, standing still, with wonderful gestures, of the grandfather I had never seen. One figure in the ancient city he said he missed—old Professor Jackson, a survival of an earlier educational Scotland. 'It was a regular part of coming here,' he said. 'Once during each visit Principal Shairp, your father and I used to walk down South Street, pause at the door of one of those beautiful old houses in that most beautiful of streets, knock, and be admitted, and pass through the old house into an old garden, and behold! a summer-house, and in it, seated at a table, an old, old, tall, tall figure in a sort of cassock, with a velvet skull-cap on its head, looking for all the world like the ghost of an old mediæval monk. And Shairp would say: "Still the *magnum opus?*" And the old man would say: "Still the *magnum opus.*' And presently we would come forth. And your father would say "Wonderful man!' He has been writing at his work for fifty years, and to my knowledge, he has only written one sentence, but, then, what a sentence: "Theology is everything, and everything is theology."'

"On our way home from our walk, in the crystal weather, by the Cathedral, the Battery, with its view across the Bay to the Forfar coast, and the Sidlaws beyond, and nearer the vast sweep of sands and links behind them—I remember Dr. Macgregor rushing up to a party of Edinburgh golfers who had come over for the day and shaking them by the hand to the number of fifteen, and introducing me to each of them. They were national school masters, I understood. 'Always do that,' he said, 'be human always with people.' And even in these disjointed notes your orator Hamish is surely human."

A great orator, profoundly a human being, this "little body with a mighty heart."

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1913.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competitions Nos. 1 and 3; answers from Foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 2, 4 and 5 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt. Each competitor may send in any number of attempts, provided each attempt is written on a separate sheet of paper.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original ballad in not more than forty-eight lines.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original photograph illustrating the title of any recent book.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS PRIZE POEM COMPETITION.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original Lyric.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original sonnet on Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Keats, Shelley, Burns, Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Wellington, Nelson, Gladstone, Disraeli, Darwin, or any other famous Englishman.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original humorous poem in not more than forty lines.

All Poems should be addressed to the Editor, and should reach the offices of THE BOOKMAN, *St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C., not later than the first post on the 2nd June next, if sent from any part of the British Isles, and by the 1st July if from the Colonies, India, or elsewhere abroad. Envelopes should be marked Twenty-one Guineas Competition.*

The name and address of the competitor must be written on each MS., and will be published in the event of a Prize being awarded to him. Any competitor who wishes to do so may add a pseudonym, to be used instead of his own name if his poem is printed but does not receive a prize.

The awards will be announced in THE BOOKMAN *for August next, and in addition to the winning poems a large selection of the best of the others sent in will be published in a Special Supplement to that Number.*

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original Ballad is awarded to Miss Winifred A. Cook, of Little Longstone, Reservoir Road, Prenton, Birkenhead, Cheshire, for the following:

LOVE AND DEATH.
A BALLAD.

Brush out my wayward hair to-night, Jeannette,
Twilight has fallen, long the sun has set;
Out in the meads the dew is lying wet;
This is an hour that he will not forget;
Brush out my hair, Jeanette!
(O, dark as night is Adrianne's hair of jet,
That slips through the silver comb of the pale Jeannette;
O, swift dies all the glow of the wounded sky,
As the moments fly.)

Coil high my hair, in massive fold on fold,
And thread it through with ornaments of gold,
Lest for love's eyes its beauty seem too cold.
Look out, Jeannette, across the misty wold,
Do you naught behold?
(O, there is silence over all the park,
The chaffinch, and the linnet and the lark,
Have flown to their silent nests in the woods to hide,
And the moments glide.)

Robe me, Jeannette, in gown of 'broidered white,
Girdled with gems, as dewdrops glittering bright;
For I would fain be lovely in his sight.
Hark! Is there never a sound on the breathless night
Of a foam-flecked steed? Search you the dim moon-light
For a dauntless knight!
(O, 'tis the startled deer through the phantom shade,
Or the silly sheep, of the moonlight all afraid;
There is no other sound o'er the darkening grass,
As the moments pass.)

The hour grows overlate; the moon has risen
High in the purple mysteries of heaven;
'Tis time to kneel, and have our sins forgiven.
Lean out—but once Jeannette—for the hour's eleven,
And long, long past the magic hour of even,
When love is given.
(O, blanched as snowdrifts in a desert place,
White as a winter cloud is Adrianne's face;
For one by one her hopes—as stars in the sky—
Grow pale, and die.)

Unbind my wayward hair again, Jeannette,
The dark out-weareth, soon the moon will set;
Into the park speeds never a rider yet;
This is an hour *I* never may forget,
For in my soul 'tis love and death have met:
Unbind my hair, Jeannette.
(O, out in the shadow of night, with never a moan,
Who is it lying so white on the moors alone?
What is that silent spirit that passeth by,
With no sound, nor cry?)

Winifred A. Cook.

We select for printing:

THE BALLAD OF FAIR MARGARET.

The kings of the sea they loved her,
The kings of the earth bowed low,
And the kings of the air they wooed her
With thunder and fire and snow.
But it's neither kings nor princes
Shall marry Margaret,
For I wooed her in the Springtime
And my heart is throbbing yet.

The kings of the sea they crowned her
With corals æons old,
They robed her in sun-beamed foam flakes
And sate her on thrones of gold.
But it's neither kings nor princes
Shall marry Margaret
For she loved me in the summer
And my heart is thrilling yet.

The kings of the earth they brought her
The blossoms of early Spring,
The songs of the thrush at evening
And down from the owlet's wing.
But it's neither kings nor princes
Shall marry Margaret,
For she languished in the Autumn
And my heart is aching yet.

The kings of the air they wrought her
A robe of rainbow hue,
They veiled her with mists of morning
And decked her with pearls of dew.
But it's neither kings nor princes
Shall marry Margaret,
For she died on a Winter even
And my heart is bleeding yet!

(Alice W. Linford, 17, Linden Road, South Tottenham, N.)

A BALLAD OF BURIAL.

My Lady sat in her lonely bower,
(Little hath love but the end of mirth)
Silent she sat full many an hour,
Her hair hung down in a golden shower;
(And the span of life hath tears for girth!)

Her face was wan as a frozen sea:
Her lids were hot as coals might be,
'Neath which her eyes stared wofully.

My Lady heard in the court below
The fall of feet in the crackling snow—
The priests and mourners sad and slow.

They bore me by on draped bier,
While throbbing through me sharp and clear
My Lady's heart I seemed to hear.

They set me down among the dead,
With candles twain at feet and head,
And pallid shroud upon me spread.

My Lady came unseen, unheard,
But I felt her soul like a maddened bird
Fluttering round as the flamelight stirred.
The graven tombs our bodies keep,
(Little hath love but the end of mirth)
But her soul is sunk in slumber deep
Till God shall break the trancèd sleep:
(And the span of life hath tears for girth!)

(Norman Davidge Gullick, 6, Chantry Road, Clifton.)

Several competitors have omitted to notice that this first Prize offered last month was for a Ballad, and have sent Lyrics, which we are transferring to the Special Twenty-one Guineas Poem Prize Competition, particulars of which appear on the preceding page. We specially commend the Ballads sent in by A. S. Barnard (Walsall), Florence Bagster (Kendal), Gladys Monshall (Aberystwyth), T. P. Findlay (Kirkcaldy), A. H. Lyat (Sandgate), Vera F. Carter (Worthing), Miss V. E. Horley (Harrow), R. H. Kipling (Devonport), Edmund Harold (Putney), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Noel D. Braithwaite (Ashton-under-Lyne), A. W. Jay (Devonport), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), Martin Andrew (South Shields), Alex. S. Brinton McClellan (Edinburgh), Will Louden (Dunfermline), D. M. Kermode (Tasmania), Stanley Simpson (Birkenhead), Margaret McDonnell (Glasgow), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Birmingham), E. Summers (Dukinfield), R. B. Ince (Jarus Brook), M. E. P., Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Violet Gillespie (Forest Hill), Miss G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Ivan Adair (Rathmine), J. C. Church (Castleford), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Editha L. Blackley (Finchley), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Miss C. Hawley (Elland), Enoch Daniels (Newcastle), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Miss M. D. Baynes (Teignmouth), G. W. Turner (Burnley), Chas. Parkin (Felling-on-Tyne), E. G. Potter (Birmingham), Jas. S. Kellock (Hornsey), Bertha Kohn (London, W.C.), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (S. Woodford), Ethel Tudge (Cricklewood), Irene Rathbone (Liverpool), Jennie Park (Hornsey), Mary B. Whiting (Ramsgate), G. M. Hennings (St. Albans), Mrs. C. P. F. Ferrier (Glasgow), Lilly Salisbury (Norwich), Robert Bruce (Southampton), Arthur S. Wilshire (Dalston), B. Vickery (Bradford), Gladys D. Hill (Sunderland), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Agnes E. M. Baker (W. Hampstead), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Edward Gleave (St. Helens), Norman Boothroyd (Batley), Edward Griffiths (Liverpool), Kitty L. Lyon (Wimbledon), J. E. Jones (Cardiff), W. S. Chesterfield (London, W.), Andrew J. Caird (Edinburgh), Doris Dean (Bromley), E. F. Parr (Clifton), Wallace Davies (Prees), Miss Jean Wilson (Bristol), G. Lenorme (Bingley), G. R. Hamilton (Kensington), G. G. Jackson (Northampton), Ethel Goodwin (Clapham), W. H. Usher (Solihull), Grace M. Measham (Jesmond), A. Clarke (High Wycombe), Irene Wintle (Liverpool), P. J. Frawley (Birkenhead), M. G. Alexander (Maida Vale), M. J. Collett (Cheltenham), E. H. Towler (Hale), Sidney C. Isaacs (London, S.E.), M. Molyneux (Torquay), Ellen L. Clutterbuck (Burnley), Gertrude Pitt (Hampstead), Rose M. Lomas (Newbury), R. W. King (Catford), Leonard J. Shrubsall (London, S.W.), Thos. Lanyear (Anerley), Evelyn Emily Ife (Plumstead), J. D. C. Monfries (Putney), Rupert Hodgetts (Brierley Hill), Tristram.

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mrs. F. Warner, of 3, Convent Terrace, Swansea, for the following:

RETURN OF THE PETTICOAT. By WARWICK DEEPING. (Cassell.)
"'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd."
SHAKESPEARE—*Hamlet.*

We also select for printing:

FANNY'S FIRST NOVEL. By F. FRANKFORT MOORE. (Hutchinson.)
"The play's the thing."
SHAKESPEARE—*Hamlet.*

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

Mr. Henry James.
A caricature by Mr. Max Beerbohm (about 1890).

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT. By ELLEN KEY. (Putnam's.)
"Welcome, ladies! to the cell."
S. T. COLERIDGE—*Songs of the Pixies.*

(W. McC. Miller, Straidarran House, Co. Londonderry.)

I WILL REPAY. By BARONESS ORCZY. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
"To-morrow or the next day."
Oranges and Lemons.

(Margery Finch, 54, Sheffield Road, Fratton, Portsmouth.)

THE STRANGER IN THE HOUSE. By ANTHONY DYLLINGTON. (Werner Laurie.)
"Don't look so 'ard, for I 'aven't no card."
R. KIPLING—*Back to the Army Again.*

(Miss Evelyn M. Abbott, The Croft, Old Malton, Yorks.)

UNDER THE YOKE. By IVAN VAZOFF. (Heinemann.)
"His wife, of course, went with him too."
W. S. GILBERT—*Bab Ballads.*

(Beatrice Craig, Craigdanagh, Straidarran, Co. Derry, Ireland.)

III.—This Prize is divided and we award Two NEW BOOKS to the Rev. J. A. Stokes Little, The West Manse, Fraserburgh, and Two NEW BOOKS to Mr. C. Eric Staddon, of Studley Road, Luton, for the following:

LETTER OF ADVICE TO A YOUNG POET.

I.

You have something to say? Speak! You fancy you have to say something? Silence!

Diligently take your temperature. Every subject is poetic which one has caloric to fuse to run it into moulds of beauty, but don't mistake your parlour fire for an electric furnace.

Live: that is, learn from everyday experiences. Never seek emotional adventures: they *come*—more than any genius can use. Life it is, which is the great adventure.

Shun conventionality: the soul goes coldly in others' lendings.

Shun singularity: be a man, not a disease.

Speak only what you know, but develop soul-antennæ to guide you through the heart's dark caverns.

You are brought down to the abyss? Snatch gold from the fires, diamonds from the slime, joy from affliction, sympathy from suffering.

Be a man and therefore a little child: so shall God whisper you in the ear.

REV. J. A. STOKES LITTLE.

II.

Get to the heart of Things. It is Life you must seek, in all its beauty, depth and wonder. Aspire! Live nobly, and you will Think nobly.

Get close to God and man; linger in Nature's garden, probing her secrets.

Face boldly the mystery of your own day, but write for all time. Concentrate; do not imitate. Be yourself, dwelling only to learn, among the giants of yesterday. Strive always to your best.

Be studious of form; master it—for it is your servant. Be sincere and not too prodigal of words. Often strength lies in restraint, and suggestion is above expression. Remember fancy is not imagination, nor sentiment, passion.

Love, observe, reflect, and you will understand—opening your heart in sympathy to all men and things—speaking, once and for ever, *your* message of God and of life and death.

P.S.—Be wary of print and praise!

C. ERIC STADDON.

We specially commend the letters received from Miss I. Lewis (Edinburgh), Raymond Taunton (Coventry), W. S. Chesterfield (London, W.), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Miss C. M. Walkerdine (London, S.W.), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Norah E. Goodbody (King's Co.), R. H. Kipling (Devonport), M. Andrew (South Shields), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), Margaret McDonnell (Glasgow), H. Caby (Fordham), E. Summers (Dukinfield), Miss Norcott (West Kirby), Ethel M. Corke (Norwich), S. J. Morrison (Barrow-in-Furness), Norman Palethorpe (Norwich), Alice Wise (Leicester), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (S. Woodford), L. H. Corke (Heaton Moor), Elizabeth K. Packard (Southall), M. T. Craig (Bradford), A. Lee, Junior (Southport), Chas. Parkin (Felling-on-Tyne), C. A. Bayley (Bangor), M. E. A. Phipps (York), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), Moira Carew (Kingston), Joseph Smith (Leeds), W. Jevons (Dalston), E. Rinnon; Doris Dean (Burnley), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), Gwendolen D. Harold (High Barnet), D. Forster (Swansea), Miss F. Briggs (Crownhill), Frances A. S. Holbrow (Maidstone), Miss Lewis (Edinburgh), E. H. Towler (Hale), P. J. Frowley (Birkenhead), Lawrence Tait (Wanstead), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), Thos. Law (Holytown), Frank Brebuer, Junior (Aberdeen), Mrs. Stuart C. Low (Blairgowrie), R. S. Pollard (Pontefract), J. D. Malcom (Bacup).

St. Paul's, from the Thames.

From "English Hours," by Henry James (Heinemann).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss Irene Pollock Lalonde, of 14, Forester Road, Bath, for the following:

COME RACK! COME ROPE! By R. H. BENSON. (Hutchinson.)

This book is the work of a true literary artist and a real historian. It tells of the persecution of the Roman Catholics by Elizabeth, and though written by a priest, the most bigoted Protestant must be stirred to deep sympathy with the sufferers. Mr. Benson has here created some of the most beautiful characters in fiction. Marjorie, the heroine, is a glorious conception; Robin is a fine portrait of a loyal priest. The author has made a living being of Mary Queen of Scots, full of appeal and sorrow. The book abounds in fine descriptive passages, vivid and moving.

We also select for printing:

AMONG FAMOUS BOOKS. By JOHN KELMAN, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is decidedly a book to read, a book to study, and a book on which to found a course of reading. "The general theme," as the author tells us, is "that constant struggle between paganism and idealism which is the deepest fact in the life of man, and whose story provides . . . . the matter of all vital literature." Famous books of the classical age, the sixteenth century, and modern times are dealt with. Spiritual fervour, like a refreshing invigorating stream, courses through the pages. Wide reading, marked literary ability, and a genial style stamp the book from cover to cover.

(George Brown, "Brookfield," Darvel, Ayrshire.)

THE BRONTES. By Miss FLORA MASSON. "The People's Books," 6d. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

A more readable book would be difficult to find. The Brontes exercise a perennial fascination over imaginative and thoughtful minds. The pathos of their lives, the triumph of their genius, and the glory of the moors around Haworth, are pictured with a charm and vividness that make the book altogether delightful. It is full of knowledge and understanding. All the salient facts are given, with an accuracy combined with a condensed fulness truly admirable.

Its fine critical judgment, high tone and illumination are most praiseworthy. Could the Brontes be conscious of this latest appreciation they would rejoice indeed.

(R. H. Kipling, 62, Alcester Street, Devonport.)

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO . . . .? By ELIZABETH ROBINS. (Heinemann.)

This novel deals, in an outspoken though never crude way, with one of the darkest blots of civilization—the "White Slave Traffic." Two charming country girls go to visit a London aunt whom they have never seen and by a very ingenious and by no means impossible plot they are lured to an infamous house. The elder sister is helped to escape, but the lovable Betty is never seen again. In the end the sister finds peace, thinking Betty dead, and the book closes on the dominant note of faith that—"in mortal ill is the seed of immortal good."

(Ethel Tudge, 49, St. Paul's Avenue, Cricklewood, N.W.)

Good reviews were also sent in by the following: M. Molyneux (Torquay), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), D. Burchell Friend (Burgess Hill), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn, N.W.), M. M. Maclean (Glasgow, W.), Pamela Mary Hinkson (Shankhill, Co. Dublin), Miss Bradshaw-Isherwood (Colchester), J. D. Irene Waugh (Toddington, Bedfordshire), Sybil Waller (London, S.W.), Miss Van der Pant (Highgate, N.), M. Whitaker (Dewsbury), N. Ramani (Chepauk, Madras), Enid Fletcher (Nottingham), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Miss L. Mugford (South Norwood Hill), Anon (Park Street, Chatteris), Georgine Ellis Hargreaves (London, S.W.), Anon. (Casa Francesca, Bordighera), K. S. Jackson (Streatham), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), N. Raghunathan (Chepauk Gardens, Madras), James A. Richards (Tenby), Margaret Y. Craig (Bradford),

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Miss Jane Purcell, of Turbotston, Coole, Westmeath.

GRAY'S LETTERS.*

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE death of the editor of these most welcome and interesting volumes, just before the publication of the last of them, is greatly to be regretted, for he has left no more accurate and indefatigable scholar of his class behind, and he was one of those of whom all who know them speak well, without, apparently, any of the unspoken drawbacks sometimes associated with that phrase. But, on the other hand, he had the advantage, not always vouchsafed, of having finished his work, after executing it in such a fashion that (putting the chance of new discoveries of MSS. aside) it will be a very long time indeed before it requires re-doing.

That the actual doing was needful can, as one steadily reads or re-reads through the result of it, hardly be denied. Gray's letters have been long admitted to be all but—if not actually—of the best in English; and they have not wanted for editors of credit and renown. But inauspicious stars of various kinds have yoked against them. Gray, who "never spoke out," still less ever intended to "write out" in such a fashion. It is as certain that he never dreamt of his letters being published as that his friend-enemy-friend, counterpart, and in a manner commentator, Horace Walpole, very frequently and deliberately dreamed of such a thing. Either he or his copyist constantly omitted dates; and, as he hardly wrote to anybody who was not a very intimate friend, he made endless references and allusions which are by no means easy to interpret with precision. But these internal difficulties are as nothing to the external. Mason, his first editor, is one of those persons whose posthumous unreadableness has been a blessing to them, and whose contemporary toleration by other persons greater than themselves has somehow helped to smuggle them through with posterity. Although it is almost impossible that anyone should really know Mason's works and deeds without feeling contempt for him and them, he has seldom had his deserts in the way of blame, and has sometimes had much more than his deserts in the way of praise or "letting off." Even Mr. Tovey, though he supplies us with a good measure of the facts, and occasionally says something sarcastic about them, does not, in the excellent Gallicism, "tell Mason *his* fact" as he might have done. Now this covetous, spiteful, envious sciolist-poetaster-toady, whose own verse is customarily twaddle and bombast, sometimes seasoned with now vapid venom, gave, in the *editio princeps* of such of Gray's letters as he published, one of the worst existing specimens of the lax editorial ideas of the time and of his own particular and personal defects. A lecture on the Art of Garbling could hardly take a better text than Mason's dealings with Gray.

Nor did what escaped the hands of "Skroddles" (as Gray called him, with his own particular mixture of affection and contempt) always fare much better. In a large proportion of instances we have only copies, and those admittedly copies which, sometimes with the best intentions, have been doctored; while for a long time the letters actually printed were scattered about in different publications. There is no necessity here to discuss either the good deeds or the shortcomings of Mitford and of Mr. Gosse. It is quite sufficient to say that they left plenty for Mr. Tovey to do; and that in what must have been some thirty years' labour (for his first vloume, which had taken a long time to prepare, appeared in 1893) he did it. Whether he would not have been better advised if he had simply done it without any but ceremonious notice of his predecessors is another question. The present writer, after finding plenty of fault, and having had plenty of fault found with him in such cases, is of the deliberate opinion that the most perfect way of editing is to take the advice of Prior in another matter—to be more than a little blind (while duly correcting them) to your predecessors' faults, to be very kind to their merits, and, for the rest, to "clap your padlock" on your own tongue or pen.

But these things are shallows and miseries. What is important is that Mr. Tovey has given us (with a body of annotation which probably no other man except Mr. Austin Dobson could have rivalled) the amplest and most accurate text yet provided of a set of documents not easy to parallel in literary interest. He himself refers, in prefacing the reprint of his first volume, to a dictum of some reviewer that he had tried to "set back the clock" by holding a different view of Gray from that put forth by Mr. Arnold. That somebody should have said this need not surprise us, for it formulates a not uncommon, though a hopelessly wrong, view of criticism. There is only a "clock" of this, in the sense that the hands (though at longer intervals) always come round again to the same places: there is none in the sense that they ever tell any absolute or irreparable time. The time of criticism is a *nunc stans*, in that every critical utterance is the result at the moment of three factors—the work criticised, the temperament, nature, knowledge, and so forth of the critic, and the circumstances in which the two come together. It cannot antiquate or be antiquated by any other conjunction of the kind unless, which is practically impossible, this conjunction could take place with facts indistinguishable from its own. And if this could take place, the result would not be a difference but a repetition.

However, we need not talk critical metaphysics, even though they be certain truths. Mr. Tovey, once more, has provided us with every facility for judging one of the most curious, complicated, and to some extent enigmatical, characters in our literary history. On one point, that on which the reviewer above mentioned was writing, he is certainly right and Mr. Arnold was quite wrong. The time and the *milieu* do not account for Gray's comparative sterility, not merely in poetry, but in accomplished work of any kind. He would probably—by no means certainly—have done more critical work than he did if he had lived a century later; and a great gain that would have been. But it is very doubtful whether he would have written any more poetry; by no means certain that, if he had, that poetry would have been different in character, and at least possible that he might have written none at

* "The Letters of Thomas Gray." Edited by D. C. Tovey. In three volumes. (London: G. Bell & Sons.)

all. "If I do not write much," said he himself, "it is because I cannot." Indeed, had he lived a hundred years later, from the most probably adjusted horoscope it seems likely that he would have become a Professor very early, but of course not a sinecure professor, of some things historical, literary or scientific, and would have spent the rest of his life perpetually polishing, supplementing, and supporting with fresh research, sets of lectures, which he would never have published at all, and which would have been found after his death as mostly heaps of notes.

That there was "a bad side of human nature" in Gray may be allowed without any of the injustice of Pip's application of the phrase to Biddy in "Great Expectations." He had some, and indeed several, of the worst qualities which the age-long injustice of man has agreed to call feminine. He was, it is to be feared, a little spiteful, and more than a little "tenacious," as old-fashioned folk said. Although we do not know the whole truth about the Walpole quarrel, from what we do know Walpole cuts not only a better but (which one might hardly expect) a manlier figure than Gray. In that hasty Hegira from Peterhouse to Pembroke, where the "tub of water" plays a more furiously contested part than the "glass" of that element, a little earlier in politics and later in drama—the "Petrenchians" showed themselves, no doubt, as undergraduates too often do, rowdy cubs. But a male old maid, occupying a set of rooms on the same staircase, in an anomalous position as neither "man" nor "don," and known to have an almost monomaniacal dread of fire and a touchiness also almost akin to mania, is really too tempting an object even for undergraduates who are not exceptionally rowdy or cubbish. There is no need to multiply instances; they are known to every one who has read even a popular "life" of Gray. That he was, on the other hand, singularly affectionate to his few actual friends is at once to be granted; and if he was not entirely free from intellectual vanity, or at least Pharisaism, he at least seems to have managed to steer clear of that much less pardonable intellectual arrogance which has disgraced many great men of letters and not a few poets.

On one point, however, of his intellectual, if not of his moral, character these letters throw light which has never—though some attempts have been made to do it—been thoroughly collected, focussed and analysed. It may be said without rashness, on the evidence they contain, that Gray might have been, and even in embryo or specimen *was*, one of the very greatest critics in English literary history. It is exceedingly doubtful—this, at least, has often been seen and put—whether his criticism did not get in the way of his own poetry. When we see the endless pains and the sleepless acumen which he wastes on buck-washing, or, as he himself more gracefully puts it, "hoeing," Mason's flimsy or blowzy rhetoric, and his tinsel or fustian conceits, one can understand the years that were spent on "Odicles" like the "Elegy" and the "Bard" and the "Progress of Poesy," and can see pretty clearly that this critical meticulousness probably caused the actual abortion of much more, and not impossibly harmed what was actually produced, by communicating to it an air of apparatus, a smell of the lamp. There are people who, putting the "Elegy" aside as an unique windfall of the "middle" Muses, wrought to its masterly actuality enough, and not too much, prefer to everything else that Gray has written the "Cat" piece and the unfinished "Vicissitude" ode. Now, on the first Gray seems (for him) to have spent very little trouble, and the other he seems to have left, jotted and in a pocket-book, for twenty years before his death.

It is, however, with his criticism (almost wholly contained in these volumes), rather than with his poetry, that this article is chiefly intended to deal. Mr. Tovey, seldom severe on his author, is perhaps so here, for he more than hints that Gray's critical faculty dwindled off. Had the fact been so, it would have been an almost unique exception to a practically universal rule; but Mr. Tovey's remark is based almost solely on the again meticulous objections to Beattie's "Minstrel." They are, indeed, not so happy as the earlier ones of the same kind on Mason. But it must be remembered, first, that they were written in the very last stage of Gray's life, when his physical powers were rapidly breaking; and, secondly, that Beattie, though a much less offensive person than Mason, was not a much better poet, and was a mere acquaintance, not an intimate friend. Selections of Gray's critical dicta have already been made, and might be largely increased, which prove him to have had a really extraordinary critical genius; and a detailed examination of his attitude to Macpherson and to Chatterton (which might, at first sight, seem dangerous to this conclusion) would in the long run only support it.

It may, however, be conceded that as Gray never "spoke out" and seldom "wrote out," so he was deficient in the power, or at least the habit, of "*thinking* out." Compare, for instance, his politics with those of his opposite, and in a sense enemy, Johnson. The question is not in the least, to any reasonable person, whether Gray was "right" in being a Whig, or Johnson in being a Tory. But no clear-eyed judge, whatever his own principles, can fail to see that Johnson's Toryism, right or wrong, was based on principle; and it is very difficult to discover any principle at all in Gray's Whiggism. There is not the slightest trace in him of Collins's sincere, though rather visionary and "literary," Republicanism. One looks in vain for even a symptom of any convinced reverence for the Blessed Revolution. Of sympathy for the people, anticipated cognition of the Rights of Man, or anything of the kind, there is not a vestige. He found himself, in a strong party time, by pure accident a party Whig, and a Whig he remained. But these things were never real to him.

Nothing, indeed, seems to have been real to him except his friends and his books, and latterly his "prospects"; and—beyond all these three, though powerfully assisted by all the prospects and some of the books—a vague, sometimes mistaken, more frequently correct, view, backwards and forwards, of the great Romantic revolution that once had come and again was coming on the world. The well-known story of his startling Nicholls by addressing him personally at the door with his own line:

> Hence! avaunt! 'tis holy ground,

speaks Gray as well as anything. He knew that there

was "holy ground"; but he thought that, as a rule, people were not worthy to tread on it, and he was not quite sure of his own footing there. Personally, it may not be impertinent to say that he gains by a re-perusal of these letters. As in the case of Queen Elizabeth, there has been some scandal about Mr. Gray, and well-meaning, though injudicious, persons have not improved it by destroying or withholding parts of his correspondence as "shocking." Here, as cannot be done in the case of his intellectual character, we may credit his morality with the excuse of "the time," and bother no more about it. That he could be, and was, a good and sincere friend to men, women and children the Wharton letters are sufficient and ample proof; that he had a quaint, dry, only very seldom sharp, humour the whole correspondence tells; that he was a scholar, in the best sense of the term, everything concurs to show. Add to this that he wrote, if a small amount of our poetry, an astonishing proportion of that which hits the public and escapes the hits of critics, as very little poetry does, and we may certainly risk changing the tense of the tag with a *Quis vituperabit?*

New Books.

THE MAN OF CONSCIENCE.*

In the vast assembly-room, so to speak, of the eighteenth century we may hear announced the names of types keenly impressed on its life and literature. We watch the guests as they walk in. There is the "Man of Sentiment" (and, of course, the woman), the "Man of Honour," the "Man of Sensibility." William Windham was that rarer presence, the "Man of Conscience." But his conscience was hardly normal. What a curious compound it was, how whimsically mixed with other elements, the letters comprised in these two volumes would alone serve to show. The portraits, too, combining fiery eyes with hesitating lips, well hint the contrasts. Windham could be odd without being imaginative, acute without being original, and chivalrous without being romantic. Indeed, except in this vital matter of his conscience, his famous eccentricities seem to lie rather on the surface. But never was a conscience so off the lines or chameleon; it eclipsed Launcelot Gobbo's. It refined, and perpetually it really meant vacillation. At his *début* it led him to choose a career which did not fascinate him, and, again, to give up his budding secretaryship to Lord Northington on the plea of ill-health in Ireland. Politically, it led him to start in the Coalition of those incompatibles, Fox and North. Yet it led him, as years proceeded, to cast in his lot successively with Pitt, whom he grew to suspect, and Fox, whom he can never have liked—in a word, with Mont Blanc and Mount Etna. It led him to take up with Cobbett, to whom he addressed a characteristic letter of self-reproach and self-excuse when "All the Talents" included him in its posts of patronage. For conscience he worshipped those old Whigs, who, in the Duke of Portland's phrase, were "England's natural aristocracy," while he detested their new off-shoots who befriended (or abetted) the French Revolution. Yet, for conscience, too, he rejoined them when tempered by the Grenville. For conscience he resented Pitt's recoil from a crusade for royalty in France, and for conscience, again, he abominated the bare talk of any truce with Napoleon. They called him "Peter the Hermit," a fanatic for the Bourbons. Nor should it be forgotten that in all these respects his conscience was Burke, whom he idolised, and whose influence possessed him. To crown all, for conscience he retired from the stage, though we gain glimpses of his eagerness (doubtless also from conscience) to return. His conscience drove him alternately into the compromise and into zeal. He was an honest casuist—as Disraeli once called Mr. Gladstone, "a Jesuit of the closet, sincerely devout."

Outside politics, it was conscience that dictated his sermonising remonstrance with his friend Cholmondeley for not marrying the charming "Cecy" Forrester, whom years afterwards he himself wedded. And this singular effusion he penned just before he took the adventurous step of a flight in Sadler's balloon, as, in like manner, he was afterwards to take the adventurous step of remaining in the trenches before the besieged Valenciennes. From a conscientious theory of courage he found as much delight in bull-baiters or bruisers as he did, less prosaically, in dubbing himself Mrs. Crewe's "Redde Crosse Knight." Was not Mrs. Crewe Burke's champion? Conscience led him alike up into the air and along the ground. It kept him often a saint, occasionally a prig, and constantly, though scarcely on a big scale, a hero. Indeed, there were moments when his conscience seems petty, as when on "principle" he refused his homage to the dead Pitt.

Sometimes he contracted with his conscience, and sometimes he coquetted with it, but it was an invalid, and always he coddled it. The habit was congenital, but it also belonged to his early association with Dr. Johnson, the scene of whose death-bed is here so touchingly and intimately rendered. Johnson schooled young men to

A. Hecht, pinxit. *J. Young, sculpt.*

Charles James Fox.

From "The Windham Papers" (Herbert Jenkins).

* "The Windham Papers: The Life and Correspondence of the Rt. Hon. William Windham, 1750–1810, and *et.*" With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon Earl of Rosebery, K.G., K.T. In 2 Vols. 32s. net. (Herbert Jenkins, Limited.)

lead the "examining" life, to survey themselves in a moral looking-glass and to keep diaries. Windham kept one of the longest, if not one of the minutest, in existence. He became his own Boswell.

"I know," wrote his old friend Elliot in 1793, "that you resolve almost all questions of conduct, small as well as great, into questions of duty. And, if you sometimes hesitate when others would see no room for doubt, it is in a great degree because you are more anxious, and the *chance* of being wrong is more uneasy to you than almost any man I have ever known." That is a shrewd judgment, but a shrewder was to follow when the arch-hesitater at length took the plunge of being married to his "Cecy" at an age when marriage was unusual. "He will not now," said Elliot, bluntly, "be dodging with the world and playing at whoop with all his friends." In these two pronouncements may be summed up the perplexity both in and about Windham—and the complexity also. But there is another and an earlier sentence from the pen of Burke which gives the secret of his social spell: "A mind," he says, "formed for generosity and friendship." Nobody had more friends than Windham, and nobody better deserved them. He loved society, not company—a crucial distinction. Burke loved him, and lavished all the fire of his nature on their sympathetic intercourse. Two things burnt themselves into Burke as his days—and his day—declined. The one was the Warren Hastings who had escaped, and the other the French Revolution that had succeeded. He spared neither (and the latter, rightly) one spark of his Promethean flame. In reading their correspondence Windham's part reduces itself by comparison into a mere official libretto to the music of Burke's high indignation. None the less there is good writing in Windham's rather monotonous letters, though not enough to explain the effects both of his unstudied converse and his set oratory—"*Stellas inter luna minores*," as Johnson termed him on the threshold of his career. Just as Burke reads better than, apparently, he sounded, Windham must have sounded better than, generally, he reads. At any rate he could enthrall Mrs. Crewe, and Mrs. Crewe had been enthralled by the fresh genius of Sheridan. Great wit has been ascribed to Windham, but not the best specimens are recorded in this collection. The best, to my mind and knowledge, finds no place there. When the Warren Hastings trial was dividing parties, and the Whigs were espousing the cause of the reckless heir to the throne, "I had rather," urged Windham, "be drowned in the river Ganges than wrecked off the coast of Wales." As years and conduct severed him and Sheridan it may be recalled how sweetly Windham spoke in his diary of Sheridan's charm when they met once again in Hampstead and at Mrs. Crewe's.* When he had once decided that his duty was to bury the hatchet nobody could raise a stone more elegant and artistic over it than Windham. He had been among the audience—though these pages do not record it—when Coleman read aloud the manuscript of the *School for Scandal*.

The story is long, and striking are the personages. Windham was born for literary leisure, but his Norfolk home destined him to represent Norwich after a short experience of the ways of Dublin Castle. He joined the Whigs and Burke who did the thinking for them. Then came all the fatal sequels and severances of the French upheaval. Windham's letter on Marie Antoinette's doom is perhaps the very best of the long series. Those events sent him, as well as all moderate Whigs, out of the fold into Pitt's Camp. The Coalition was ejected. Pitt won the day, and ruled for nigh eighteen years. For some years Windham was his war-secretary and had much to do with the ill-starred Quiberon expedition. Junctions between Pitt and Fox were tried, but every attempt failed; nor was it till Napoleon's predominance evoked Sheridan's patriotism, that Windham could reapproach any of his ancient allies. Fox and Pitt died; and after Portland's resignation and Percival's end, the Grenvilles thought to have won. Luckily they were foiled. As Byron was to sing in retrospect:

"Where are the Grevilles: out as usual: where
My friends the Whigs—exactly where they were."

The letters in these volumes from Pitt and Fox are unenlightening. But Burke's and, years later, Cobbett's are the reverse. Though far asunder as the poles in diction and cultivation, their outlook, strangely enough, is not unlike. These are the two impressive personalities—if we except Johnson—in these pages. There are many others. Malone, the discursive; the unruffled Duke of Portland—and of his party; Grey, "the boy who tossed his head so high"; that perennial pedant, Dr. Parr, and a weird but interesting French *emigré* who fled to America and discoursed about "the Unitated States." Hazlitt, too, sends Windham a prospectus of his third inflated rehearsal for literature. We hear of Boswell's death, and it may comfort some to whom Madame D'Arblay's purring self-conscientiousness is annoying to know that Windham, who knew her set, refers to her as "Madame D'Abry or whatever the name is." We meet Dr. French Laurence, too, the talented friend of Sheridan and contributor to the *Rolliad*. But the commentator does not always supply details.

Windham haunted Bath, and Bath haunted him, as it did so many of his compeers. Writing thence, poor fellow, after he had given up politics, he sighs to Mrs. Crewe on the day that Parliament reassembled that he feels "just like an old dragoon-horse at the sound of a trumpet."

His last illness was caused by a deed of self-sacrifice, and his last actions were to spare his "Cecy" even the knowledge of his state. The work under review is perhaps more a "*mémoire-à-servir*" than a reanimation, nor will Windham ever survive as a magnetic force. But as a great talent and a good man, without ever being goody, he will surely endure in the picture-gallery of his age. If we could but hear his voice we should feel more of a charm that enchanted his generation.

WALTER SICHEL.

* The entry is under date May 14th, 1794.

THE CREED IN HUMAN LIFE.*

This is not a discussion of the place of creeds in human life, nor an historical survey of the effect of creeds. It is, as the sub-title explains, "a devotional commentary for everyday use." The author has had the idea of taking up successively the clauses of the Apostles' Creed, and illustrating its spiritual value in a series of chapters, each of which contains copious extracts, woven together, from religious writers, or from general literature. This is done in a comely book with good margins. It is pleasant to read, and the author is probably correct in surmising that a number of devout people will welcome such an aid. It is not easy to be original in giving form to devotional literature. The popular shapes into which it is thrown are fairly stereotyped by this time. But the writer of this manual has managed to strike out a fresh line; he has evidently read widely, and the impression made by the book, if read slowly, is decidedly good. Naturally, it is not a volume which is to be criticised from the strict dogmatic or technical point of view. Otherwise, one would require to demur to a remark on p. 9:

"That the Apostles framed this as it stands may be reasonably questioned; that it 'voices the confessions of Sts. Peter, Paul, Bartholomew and Thomas' cannot for a moment be impugned."

This is not exactly how a historian would express himself. Again there are some misprints or misquotations, which might be corrected in another edition. Thus, Clough did not say, "It gratifies my soul to know that though I perish truth is so!" What he wrote was: "It fortifies my soul." Which is a very different thing. Father Tyrrell's name appears throughout with one "r,"—which is a small matter, but these are the trifles that are apt to

* "The Creed in Human Life: A Devotional Commentary for Everyday Use." By Maurice Clare. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

annoy careful people even when they are in quest of devotional stimulus. Apart from such details, however, the book is carefully and deftly compiled. The first chapter on the virgin-birth is entitled, "On the Wings of a Dove"; that on the Holy Ghost, "The Breath of God"; that on the forgiveness of sins, "All That Debt." The author shows an equal dexterity in combining his quotations, which are sufficiently catholic. W. D. Howells stands next to McCheyne on one page, Shakespeare and S. Rutherford are side by side on another. But his own comments and reflections are not to be passed over. A fair specimen is afforded by his remarks on p. 341:

"A thoughtful man once remarked to me that he never read those sentences of the Litany in the English Prayer Book without inwardly shuddering at the battle of principalities and powers arrayed against him—those five sentences beginning 'From all evil and mischief,' in which spiritual dangers came about one like bees. Always, he said, he was reminded of the incident of Rorke's Drift, where the Englishmen (Chard and Bromhead, if I mistake not) held their desperate position hour by hour and inch by inch, against the yelling, rapacious, implacable onslaught of innumerable enemies avid for their blood. It seemed, to all human seeming, a hopeless case . . . yet rescue came at the eleventh hour."

Or again, this comment on p. 215:

"To be given *another chance*—that, in plain English, is the meaning of the Resurrection for us, now in this present life—for it *hath promise of the life that now is*. To be raised from lethal torpor, stimulated from a moribund coma, to something new and eloquent of a golden future. To turn over a new leaf, and let the old pages be put away and forgotten."

The chief criticism which might be passed on the volume is perhaps that the writer has sometimes put too little of himself into its pages. Sometimes he could have said what he has chosen to seek in a quotation, and sometimes, it must be confessed, the quotations are neither quite relevant nor necessary. Thus, for example, the ironical phrase of Omar Khayyám, "He knows about it all—He knows—He knows," is cited to illustrate the text that our "Father knoweth what things we have need of, before we ask Him." Still, such lapses are not frequent, and in the main the difficult task of the compiler has been managed in such a way as to make for edification.

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., Litt.D.

THE WAR FROM VARIOUS ANGLES.*

The Balkan War continues. At the time of writing, the Chataldja lines are still intact and Adrianople holds her own; but books upon the war already begin to multiply, dealing with that phase of the campaign which ended with the peace negotiations in London. Of the three which lie before me, only one offers actual pictures of warfare, as seen by a man who accompanied troops in the field; the other two attempt a more general survey of the operations in the manner of the historian rather than in that of the war-correspondent. It is, of course, an admirable manner, but it has the defect that it deals with the large contours and saliencies of events, and almost of necessity omits the details of which they are made up. It fails to satisfy the very human appetite for *news*, which, at its best, is only history with the chill off. When matters so recent as Kirk Kilisse and Lule Burgas are in question, few save military experts are likely to be content with—"The 2nd Division was to occupy the districts of Tamras and Kirdjali," and so forth. It tells us nothing and it may not even be true. Lieutenant Wagner, who offers his new-made reputation to examination in "With the Victorious Bulgarians" (Constable), might, we feel, do better than this.

* "With the Conquered Turk." By Lionel James. 2s. net (Nelson.)—"The Balkan War Drama." By a Special Correspondent. 3s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)—"With the Victorious Bulgarians." By Lieutenant Wagner. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Arrival of King Ferdinand at Mustapha Pasha.
From "With the Victorious Bulgarians" (Constable).

Major Lionel James, the distinguished war-correspondent of *The Times*, adopts the other method. He was fortunate in being accredited to the Turkish Army, whose arrangements for the control and supervision of correspondents early broke down, leaving the newspaper men to their own devices. He covered a great deal of country, and saw more fighting than most, and it is a record of his own experiences and observations which he presents in "With the Conquered Turk" (Nelson).

"It does not," he says, "profess to be a history of the Balkan War, or even a comprehensive account of the Turkish operations throughout Macedonia. It is really only a narrative of the Turkish campaign in Thrace, as far as it was possible for one single correspondent to follow it, and to furnish his newspaper with a consecutive narrative."

Major James, with his companions, arrived by train from Constantinople at Seidler in time to see the arrival of the terrified peasants who were fleeing from the neighbourhood of Kirk Kilisse after the Turkish reverse there and to meet a train crowded with panic-stricken soldiers. He broke away from his official keepers in time to witness the chief part of the great battle of Lule Burgas, passing on his way the men who had been beaten at Yenidje. A convoy of wounded was a sight that horrified him.

"The condition of the poor fellows in the wagons was terrible. They were heaped upon each other. . . . Out of the debris of what had been half-a-dozen men a reeking face pushed itself above the side of the cart—a great bloody socket where once there had been an eye—and the swollen lips imploring mercy. . . . The car was scarcely clear of the sick convoy when it ran into another concourse of men. . . . all robust and strong. It was a great rabble of soldiers, many of whom were without firearms. The men were totally disorganised, and were making their way south without any attempt at military formation."

He viewed the essential movements of the battle of Lule Burgas, and witnessed the retirement of Ahmed Abouk's corps from its advanced position. These were men of another kind to those he had met in flight. As they moved out of their trenches and marched rearward the Bulgarian gunners commenced a heavy shrapnel fire at them.

"The whole firmament seemed to be turned into a Hades by the whip-like crackling of this devilish instrument of war. Let the Bulgarian gunners burst their shrapnel never so rapidly, never so accurately, they were unable to make those Turkish troops move one pulse more quickly than if their retirement were a parade operation."

He also saw much of the struggle when the Turks had at last been driven back behind the Chataldja lines. His narrative, brisk and personal, allows the reader to see as it were over his shoulder the current of the great events of which he chronicles incidents. He has a sporting zest in his work which he succeeds in communicating, and his story is always vivid and simple. Major James holds that the Bulgarian censorship has wrecked for ever the idea, dear to the generals, that an official news service can supply the place of the war-correspondent. Official reports

are unreliable; often they proved badly false; and only in a small country like Bulgaria can they be forced upon an obedient public in lieu of actual news.

The author of "The Balkan War Drama" (Melrose) disclaims in his preface any pretensions to write "a classic account" of the war. His object is to state the conditions under which the war became first possible and then inevitable, to show, in broad outline, the course it took and its effects, so far as they are visible. His qualifications for the task consist in a clear vision of the general facts of the situation, sound local knowledge, discrimination in the use of officially-supplied information, and a certain impartiality which enables him to criticise Servians, Bulgarians and Turks alike. He condemns severely, and with justice, King Ferdinand's device to give to a political and racial struggle the colour of a holy war of the Cross against the Crescent. "The world has not been created for the special benefit of the Balkan confederation," and such action as this may have unforeseen effects upon the affairs of powers like England and France, whose Moslem subjects number many millions. It undoubtedly embittered the struggle in Turkey. In Mustafa Pasha, the Moslem civilians fled before the oncoming Bulgarian Army, and Christians chalked crosses on their doors as a safeguard against looting. At the flight from Uskub all Ottoman Christians painted crosses on their caps to proclaim their religion, counting on it to save their lives. "This," says the author, "it undoubtedly did in most cases." There is reference, too, to General Zivkovitch, "who had the reputation of being the most savage officer in the Servian Army." This crusader against the Crescent operated in Albania. "It is significant that he has sent back no prisoners, and that one learnt in conversation with Servian officers that none were expected." Nobody pretends that the Turk, on his side, has been guiltless of acts of atrocity; but it is well to realise that in this war, which began as a war of liberation, flamed thence into a crusade, and is finishing as an enterprise of territorial expansion, inhuman cruelty is not a character of one side more than of the other.

Lieutenant Wagner, the correspondent of the *Reichspost*, comes to judgment with a disappointing book. The author of the despatch in the *Daily Mail* of November 2nd has much to explain, and in a chapter devoted to explanations he explains exactly nothing. In that despatch, cabled from Starasagora on October 31st, he related how he had just returned from three days "at the front," how his poor horse could hardly move another step, and how he had not had his clothes off for three nights, and went on to describe the great battle which stretched between Lule Burgas and Bunar Hissar. In "With the Victorious Bulgarians" (Constable), there is nothing of all this; the long account of the battle contains no word that could convey that Lieutenant Wagner was ever within a hundred miles of it. In point of mere fact, he never was. The facsimile telegram, which he publishes, shows that on October 30th he was at Lubimetz, where he admits he arrived, not on a weary horse, but by train.

His book is a curious production. Despite many inaccuracies and many claims to authority, which are ill-founded, it does contrive in a large vague way to show the war, the changing shape of it, and some glimpses of what Major James calls the "mire of diplomacy" that fouled the feet of the allies. He bombards a town that never was bombarded—and that is strange, for anyone was free to visit Kirk Kilisse. He kills off nearly half the Bulgarian cavalry; he makes divisions of troops jump about the map in the strangest fashion; he even publishes a map which places the Bulgarian Second Army—that army which kept us all before Adrianople till our hearts broke—just outside Chataldja. But the general view is there. It is his theory that the modern war-correspondent has no business to see too much fighting; it distorts his vision of the war as a whole. He "cannot do better than place himself directly or indirectly in close relation with those quarters where, in the regular course of the service, full reports of the engagements and movements that have taken place are received, and where he can also obtain a general idea of operations that are contemplated or are actually in progress." Yes, that is the place for the war-correspondent, without a doubt; but there is no such place. Therefore, his business is to work as Major James worked, to use such knowledge of war as he has, to judge the trend of events as best he can, to see actualities for himself over as wide an area as his means of transport and facilities for telegraphing permit. His only alternative is to accept and transcribe official reports. But perhaps that is what Lieutenant Wagner means.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

PHILOSOPHY AT THE CROSS-ROADS.*

The mind of Vernon Lee has always dwelt on the narrow dividing line between æsthetics and philosophy: she is as much at home in the mysticism of the "Divine Comedy" as in the Sistine Chapel. But in her new book, "Vital Lies," she plunges straight into the depths of the sea of logic, her objective being Professor William James and his pragmatist followers whom she finds to be guilty of a mental heresy that bids fair, if allowed to persist, to overthrow the structure of thought in religion, philosophy, and practical life.

Put in a nutshell, her charge against the new Pragmatists is that, instead of merely acknowledging, as Plato did centuries ago and Ibsen but yesterday, that the fallacies and delusions of humanity have constantly served a useful purpose in its upward march, Professor James roundly asserts that to be useful is to be true, and that whatever is useful to man is always true, thus altogether dethroning from its seat that Ideal Truth which has been, of all the divinities served by the race, the one great supreme objective of its intellectual worship. For instance, Professor James would argue that, since ancestor-worship undoubtedly served a useful purpose at one time in preserving the younger generation, ancestor survival must therefore be true. And Truth Vernon Lee defines with delightful exactitude as that which does not care a button what you think of it, which, in short, goes on "being" with supreme disregard of your opinions. Thus, out of the simple idea at the base of Pragmatism, viz., that it is wise to test every principle by its "cash value in experience" Professor James has constructed the two theories of Will-to-Believe and Will-to-Make-Others-Believe, building, of course, on the proven fact in psychology that mankind not only has always woven a web of sophistry in order to satisfy its desires, but also possesses almost unlimited powers of hypnotising itself into belief. It is this latter power in fact which philosophers have always combated and advertisers exploited. Here, for the first time, we have from philosophers like William James and Mr. Schiller the statement, or rather the implication, that mankind's age-long search for Truth is itself a fallacy, and that since we cannot hope to know truth absolute we should be wiser to identify the true with the useful. Truth is, for Professor James, not that which persists whatever man may think of it, but is instead, like Aphrodite, a thing "born of a foaming sea of desires." Opinion is therefore to be identified with truth.

Perhaps the most amazing thing about this theory of Truth as promulgated by the author of "Varieties of Religious Experience" is the calmness with which it has been received. For truth to external fact is the aim of science, as truth to idea is the object of philosophy, in either case not truth as gauged by its usefulness or non-usefulness to humanity but as expressing law. For all the ages since thought began this has been man's attitude to the seen and the unseen. And although he has often shrunk back from the face of truth, he has always returned once more to contemplate it, terrors and all. True it is that he has constantly cherished delusions, has often moved

* "Vital Lies." By Vernon Lee. 2 Vols. 10s. net. (John Lane.)

upwards buoyed by a lie, but always on condition that when once the delusion is seen to *be* delusion, he shall cast it off.

And therein lies the point of attack for the author of "Vital Lies," who declares most justly that a hope is no longer a hope when known to be false, nor can a lie deceive when it is known to be a lie. The Will-to-Believe implies therefore, hypnotism, mental sleight of hand self-practised. More than that, she has no difficulty in showing that if the experience of the religious mystic is not caused by any answer coming from the soul of the universe to man's cry then, even though we call ecstasy the gift of the Spirit, it is born of passion and excitement, and is no more worthy of respect than the elation due to alcohol or ether. So, too, of course, does Professor James see the "evidence" of mysticism, yet he would deliberately encourage it, even after its origin is confessed, as a pleasure. For mental life is thus to be reduced to a search for anodynes or intoxicants. Much ancient as well as modern practice is undoubtedly based on this fallacy of taking opinion for truth, merely because it is comforting. But then it is done with the eyes shut, not open.

Perhaps the most effective part of "Vital Lies" is its analysis of the modernist position in the Church of Rome as illustrated by the mental attitude of Father Tyrrell. Vernon Lee shows how that most truth-loving personality went all the way with the destructive work of modern history and science in regard to the origins of the Christian religion, how it went further than many Liberal Protestants, but stopped short suddenly at the view of the Sacraments which alleges that here, and nowhere else, the Divinity answers to the call of His creature. Life, in fact, to Father Tyrrell would have been impossible without this article of belief: therefore his need created his faith, thus exemplifying the terrible power of this Will-to-Believe in the life of religion. It is, however, from the anthropologist, Professor Crawley, that is derived the most startling instance of the Will-to-Make-Others-Believe. For although Professor Crawley believes that he has proved, to his own satisfaction at any rate, that all the dogmas of religion are derived from the practices of savage races whereby they protected themselves from evil spirits, he yet advocates the teaching of the Church Catechism as a panacea for the growth of Socialism. According to this line of thought, it is right for the teachers of the people to teach, not what they themselves believe, but what it is supposed will counteract evil tendencies in the people themselves. Finally by a combination of the Will-to-Make-Others-Believe what is good for them, we find M. Sorel actually advocating that Syndicalism and the Myth of the General Strike should be preached, simply because the General Strike is a logical impossibility which can never take place. And the teachers of it know this to be the case: they are advised to teach it everywhere simply because the belief in it will lead the proletariat to a passionate devotion to their order which would never be roused by anything short of a myth.

In "Vital Lies" we are, in fact, face to face with a problem which has for long been disturbing the minds of practical thinkers, namely, must we return to what was always the practice of the ancient churches, the use of an esoteric, as well as an exoteric, profession of faith? And if we do this, in philosophy, in politics, and in religion, how are we to deal with that inevitable sense of hypocrisy which must arise in the minds of teachers trained in the school of later Christianity when they are asked to preach, not what they believe, but what they are told is good for the people? No question could be more important than this, for many signs there are to show that philosophy, at any rate, is indeed at the Cross-Roads. "Vital Lies" then deals with a danger that, as it seems to us, strikes at the very root of mental integrity in all branches of intellectual work, a danger the more likely to mislead because it comes from the hands of such men as Professor William James and M. Bergson. As a work of literature it is not always easy to read since it disintegrates false reasoning by close analysis rather than by frontal attack, but it is often fascinating and nearly always compelling in its logic. Nor can it be described as anything but clear and masterly in its summing-up, which runs thus:

"'Vital Lies' are among the devices with which the Gods, possibly blind (perhaps because their eyes are unlike ours), shape us and our destinies out of the material of our own desires and powers. But 'Vital Lies' are not articles of common or domestic utility, to be made by Man for Man's own using, still less things which men can discuss, and of which they can lend one another the pattern!"

We commend the book to the attention of all serious thinkers, for it is one which cannot safely be neglected.

M. P. WILLCOCKS

WARDS OF THE STATE.*

All that Mr. Tighe Hopkins writes on prisons and their inmates we receive with respect and read with attention. Indeed, Mr. Hopkins writes so well that attention is inevitable, so keenly is our interest aroused. In the present volume we have the fruit of wide reading on the literature of prisons—the writings of ex-prisoners, and ex-prison governors, blue books, and other official documents, all have been closely studied by the author—and of equally wide and sympathetic observation. Not content with imparting a knowledge of prison life as extensive and peculiar as Mr. Weller's knowledge of London, and with appealing to the better sense of mankind against the follies and cruelties still practised in many a gaol, Mr. Hopkins points out where improvements have been made, and the prospect of still greater changes for the better in penal administration.

In the main "Wards of the State" is concerned with the effects of imprisonment upon the prisoner, and chiefly in Great Britain. But conditions in America come in for a good deal of notice, and half-a-dozen chapters—under the general title "Preventive"—discuss fingerprints, the importance of microscope and camera in the detection of crime, Professor Münsterberg's "Psychology and Crime," police dogs, and jiu-jitsu. The great mass of evidence produced by Mr. Hopkins to show "the flagrant inutility" of penal servitude as a punishment will probably convince all who have not yet come to that conclusion. For "the testimony against the existing system" comes "occasionally from the judge who passes sentence," from medical officers and chaplains, from unpaid visitors, from Parliamentary reports, and "from every intelligent prisoner who has the ability and the courage to tell us in print what his life as a convict was like and what this life did for him." It is not only that imprisonment itself is "a school of crime," so that an ex-prisoner can declare:

"I do not think I should be overstretching the mark if I said that ninety-nine out of every hundred convicted criminal prisoners leave the prison at the end of their sentence far worse men than when they first entered prison,"

while another, "the

Mr. Tighe Hopkins.
Author of "Wards of the State" (Herbert & Daniel).

* "Wards of the State: an Unofficial View of Prison and the Prisoner." By Tighe Hopkins. 10s. 6d. net. (Herbert & Daniel.

last survivor of the famous gang of forgers who a generation ago succeeded in obtaining £250,000 from the Bank of England," can write :

"The only lesson I learned in prison was submission. The punishment I got I deserved, and I have no complaint to make of any personal injustice. It is the system that is at fault, inasmuch as it punishes without helping a fallen man to regain his self-respect. Many young men who go into prison for one slip are ruined morally within a short time of entering prison. The evil companionship, the degradation of the life, and the shipwreck of all future hopes work the mischief."

But for those dependent on the prisoner, left, in too many cases, practically destitute only to choose between crime and starvation when the prison gate has closed on the bread-winner, imprisonment will also bring ruin. "There may seem at the moment no other way to avoid famishing" than drifting, and drifting in this case is commonly ruin.

Mr. Hopkins dealing with the case of the woman prisoner is emphatic on the assistance given to the cause of prison reform by the suffragist prisoners. He notes that a medical woman Inspector of Prisons was only appointed after the revelations of the suffrage prisoners in 1908–9. "Next there will be a doctor of the sex, and for the sex, in all prisons in which women are confined? At the last we may expect to see a lady on the Prison Commission."

That "the prisons of the women are every whit as useless and as hurtful as the prisons of the men" is one "among many other things we have learned from the suffragettes."

On the "Futility of Flogging," and the "Inequality of Sentences" there are excellent chapters, and the old delusion that garrotting in London was put down by flogging is once more exposed by Mr. Hopkins, two Home Secretaries, Mr. Asquith, and the late Lord Ridley, confirming the fact that "garrotting was put down, without resort to the lash, by a fearless administration of existing criminal law."

From the horrors of the past, the dull and evil stupidities of the present, we may turn to the "new horizons" for prisoners and law-breakers, sighted by penal reformers and the humaner of us. But the reader must learn of these horizons, and of many other items of the prison world in the book, "Wards of the State," itself.

J. C.

PORTRAITS AND SPECULATIONS.*

Mr. Ransome, well-known already by his books on Poe and Wilde, has here collected together nine essays on writers and on matters of literary interest. The first essay is one which recently appeared in *The English Review*—"Art for Life's Sake." This is a long and somewhat heavy discussion on the real function of art. Mr. Ransome appears to be equally opposed to the two cries of "art for morality's sake" and "art for art's sake." His position is best summarised in his own words :—

"The theory of art for art's sake left its holders at a loss before the question: 'Is no man greater than another, if his works are beautiful, if he is an equally skilful artist?' They knew that he was, but their theory could not tell them why, and they had to take refuge in cynicism. The theory of art for 'morality's' sake was no more satisfying. It suggested that the greatest artist was he who preached the most good, and so left its holders in speechless difficulty before a comparison of Rossetti and Dr. Watts. The theory of art for life's sake has a clear answer, and offers a valid test. That man is the greatest artist who makes us the most profoundly conscious of life. Shakespeare is set above Herrick, who was a better technician, and Leonardo above Murillo, who painted more devotional subjects, on grounds with which men, neither as artists nor as moralists, need quarrel."

The next essay is "Aloysius Bertrand: a Romantic of 1830." Bertrand's is a very small figure in the history of French literature and his chief claim to memory is the fact that his book "Gaspard de la Nuit" is, in some ways, the model on which Baudelaire founded his "Petits Poèmes en Prose." Sainte Beuve wrote on Bertrand and Hugo admired his work, so that he has never lacked a certain amount of solid recognition.

This essay is followed by one on the Retrospection of François Coppée—a light trifle on the melancholy French dreamer who died a few years since.

Then comes one on Nietzsche—a very different type of man. This is a long study that does not seem to shed too much light on its subject. It is curiously difficult to find out what Mr. Ransome does really mean in this paper—his attitude inclines to the negative. But it may, no doubt, be of interest to professed and ardent followers of the philosopher.

Next we have an essay on Walter Pater, which, in its turn also, cannot be called very illuminating. It is rather an analysis of Pater's method and ideas than a criticism upon their value. Mr. Ransome has caught something of his subject's elusive wordiness—a wordiness not less wordy because it is full of sonorous periods.

Then we have an article on Remy de Gourmont—a living Frenchman whose book "Une Nuit au Luxembourg" created almost a sensation when published recently in a translation over here.

Next follows a charming paper on the Japanese poet Yone Noguchi, whose works, as those of another Japanese Yoshio Markino, are published in English. Mr. Ransome has a hearty admiration for his Japanese friend, and announces it boldly. No chance of mistaking his intention in this instance.

And finally, there is an essay entitled, "Kinetic and Potential Speech"—a suggestive essay that would have been of more value had it been put in simpler language. It comes practically to this, that "kinetic speech" in, say, a poem is that which gives the actual meaning, whilst "potential speech" is that which gives the deep, poetical emotion. Listen to Mr. Ransome :—

"We shall find that the nearer poetry approaches to kinetic speech, the more easily is it apprehended by the multitude. Kinetic speech secures its effects by the presentation of facts, situations and stories, which are stuff not so fine as to slip through the coarse meshes of the general understanding. This explains the immediate and wide popularity of such poets as Longfellow, Scott, and Macaulay. Because prose, as a rule, depends more nearly on its kinetic than on its potential utterance, it is, as a rule, the more widely read. When, as in the hands of some nineteenth century writers, it emphasizes the potential element of speech, it correspondingly narrows its public."

Here we shall leave Mr. Ransome. His book is tinged too persistently with the sedate dreariness of a critic who takes himself very seriously. But, on the other hand, it is well written and full of judgments which, if not brilliant, are at least intelligent.

RICHARD CURLE.

* "Portraits and Speculations." By Arthur Ransome. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

DICKENS AND REFORM.*

One might very well be justified in assuming that all phases of the life and writings of Charles Dickens had been thoroughly and adequately investigated and expounded. Of the multifarious articles or the numerous books he has inspired, his social teachings have, perhaps, supplied the text as often as, if not more often, than any other. Yet, until Mr. W. Walter Crotch published "Charles Dickens: Social Reformer," no serious attempt had been made to treat the subject comprehensively or with any degree of finality.

Hitherto the study of Dickens's teachings in this direction had been confined to his humanitarian leanings in his novels, which have invariably left a loop-hole for the sceptical to assert that the views of certain fictitious creations need only

* "Charles Dickens: Social Reformer: The Social Teaching of England's Great Novelist." By W. Walter Crotch. 7s. 6d net. (Chapman & Hall.)

be taken as such and not as the honest outpourings of a great man's mind; but the student of Dickens's writings to-day has abundant data and reasons for knowing that the reverse is the case. The novelist's minor writings collected and published during his lifetime, his published letters, and Forster's biography, were not always studied as carefully as they warrant, whilst the recently discovered articles and sketches he contributed to periodical literature, containing as they do his real convictions, constitute material enough to give him rank as one of our greatest reformers and a prophet of no mean order.

To estimate this phase of Dickens in its truest and most conscientious manner all this mass of evidence had to be sifted, sorted, arranged in proper sequence, and set up as a concrete monument to his honour. This is what Mr. Crotch has done, and done so honestly, so thoroughly, that scarcely aught else is left to be said on the subject. Such a book was sorely needed. A book, as he says, not to interpret Dickens in this respect, but a book wherein Dickens interprets himself. "Buried in his multitude of novels, drifting through his ephemeral articles for daily and weekly newspapers, are teachings, political and social, which," he says in his preface "I found possessed an appropriateness and significance for even present times. I have sought not to make a book by collecting the teachings indiscriminately, but rather by gathering together in orderly array the arguments direct from Dickens which should illustrate my theory and prove his case." His richest mine has been the little-known "Miscellaneous Papers," which he has woven into their proper place in Dickens's scheme for the amelioration of the ills and wrongs of the people, for which he made his novels the chief vehicle. Such a book craved to be written, and Mr. Crotch has written it, and written it in a manner that merits the greatest praise.

He first deals in general terms with the formative influences of the novelist's early life: the environment in which he worked as a drudge in the old Hungerford Market, his companionship of poverty there and in his home, the effect the life in the Marshalsea Prison had on the boy's mind, and how it all remained ingrained in his brain as something wrong to be righted. It taught him the one great truth he so insistently expounded in his books—"that it is the poor who are most generous and helpful to the poor; and that they who have experienced the pain of poverty alone can justly comprehend its pangs." Out of all this early life he laid the foundation for all he sought to teach regarding the social relationship between man and man, and did not rest until he had proved that "conviction, were it ever so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into conduct." As Mr. Crotch puts it, "he regarded his feelings of love for the poor as units in this army of human freedom, and he *did* expend those feelings in appropriate deeds . . . that those feelings which prompted the demands that social sores should be healed were the direct and obvious outcome of his early environment and experience."

Mr. Crotch then proceeds to elaborate Dickens's instinct for reform. He points out that we are realising it is an unnatural divorce to separate the highest attributes of our humanity from the science of human well-being, and that Dickens, with nothing but his intuitive sympathies, stumbled across the very fact which Ruskin made the basis of his scheme of industrial physiology, namely, that the motive power of man's labour is man's soul. Mr. Crotch quotes Dickens's speech, made in Birmingham in 1869, wherein he said: "My faith in the people governing is, on the whole, infinitesimal; my faith in the people governed is, on the whole, illimitable," a phrase which has been a stumbling block to many, and misconstrued by others who desired to make it serve a different end. Mr. Crotch interprets it as meaning "not that it was good to be governed in the narrow sense in which the word is used, but that Dickens had the profoundest belief that, in spite of the yoke of class government, the people, that great mass of toiling, sinning, erring people, would yet work out their own salvation.

"Dickens was not," says Mr. Crotch, "the exponent of any particular theory of general constructive reform; whilst his teaching was limited to emphasizing the necessity for better sanitation and housing and education, and denouncing the evil of landlordism, the Poor Law, the prison system, gambling, usury, war, slavery, child-labour, sweating and other particular social defects, he yet became the prose-prophet of the cause of social reform itself, and the firm upholder of that which alone is the assurance of its ultimate success, namely, our equality in the primary and fundamental instincts of faith and love and duty. Only from such an equality can just political and social institutions rise and take shape."

Mr. Crotch then devotes a chapter to Dickens's interpretation of childhood, showing how the instinctive grip of boyhood never left the novelist throughout his life, and how "the facts of life had been beaten into his young soul when he was of an age at which most men of letters are leading careless, happy, untroubled lives at school." It might almost be said of Dickens that he discovered children; their care was his care; to him they were not ornaments merely on the one hand or a nuisance on the other. They were a part of life, and their needs required as much legislation as their parents'. Yet it is only to-day that we find his teachings in this respect bearing fruit. Throughout all his novels and stories the child is paramount, and how Dickens advocated reforms on their behalf, and how he had their welfare at heart always, is known to all who read his books. Mr. Crotch is well advised in emphasizing this fact at the outset, and this particular chapter of his book makes illuminating reading at the present moment.

What Dickens did for reform through his novels need not be insisted upon at length here. The Poor Law, imprisonment for debt, iniquitous schools, gambling, copyright laws, sordid nursing, disregard of the human spirit towards the poor, education, the law's fantastic delays, the circumlocution office and red tape, all these things and others will come readily to the mind of even the casual reader of his books. Mr. Crotch traverses the whole array in chapter after chapter, bringing together the evidence from those novels, with his own stimulating comments by way of explanation or emphasis, clearly showing how Dickens drew attention to the necessity of reform in various directions, and how many of the reforms were brought about by his strenuous pen through the medium of those novels, speeches and letters. But he does what none else has done before: he interpolates the views Dickens expressed in his journalistic writings, not merely as a corollary of what he advocated in his novels, but as evidence that Dickens's mission was substantial and real.

What Mr. Crotch has to say himself is of the utmost value to the reader, and proves him to be not only a true student of reform but a great Dickensian too. His book will be the standard one on the subject, for it is the most enlightened treatise on a phase of the great genius of Dickens that has been published for years.

B. W. MATZ.

WRIT IN WATER.*

The Lord Verulam—Francis Bacon—and the Rosicrucian Society, their complete independence notwithstanding, looked alike for a new birth of time. For the one it was the governing motive of his written work, and he allegorized thereon in the "New Atlantis"; the others drew strange symbolism from an unknown star in Serpentarius. Perhaps, more especially in the first case, the desired epoch was to be that of regenerated science and philosophy; the Rosicrucians expected an imputed old and immemorial wisdom to rise again above the horizon of intellectual life, when all things would assume therein a new and glorious vesture. Each in their way might have said: "We have seen His star in the East, and have come to adore Him." The present day is expectant, like the late sixteenth and the early seventeenth centuries; many new lights fall upon coming events, and not a few upon the old inaugurations. With the second concern in view, Mr. Harold Bayley, who has knowledge after his own manner, has followed

* "The Lost Language of Symbolism: An Inquiry into the Origin of Certain Letters, Words, Names, Fairy-Tales, Folk-Lore, and Mythologies." By Harold Bayley. 2 Vols. 25s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

his "New Light on the Renaissance" by two other captivating volumes, dealing with the same subjects. Their appeal, as before, does not at all lie within the validity of his views; they will be not of less interest and entertainment to some who, like myself, are very far from looking at certain events of history, certain landmarks of religion and literature, through his enchanted glasses, than to the few —if there be any—who can accept his construction of facts.

It may seem outside the issues, but Mr. Bayley's advantage is the possession of what appears to my own untutored mind as a great knowledge of the marks used by late and early manufacturers of paper in Europe, including France more especially, and it is of this—but, concurrently, also of printing and printers' marks—that he gave us in his first book a sort of informal history. He acknowledges, however, some indebtedness to the vast collection of Briquet, which appeared in 1907, filling four folio volumes, entitled "Les Filigranes," being an historical dictionary of water-marks, with over 16,000 facsimiles. After what manner the particulars which Mr. Bayley has ingarnered offer to his own mind—(*a*) new light on the Renaissance; and (*b*) an attempt to recover the lost language of symbolism—constitutes his thesis at large, and his views can be summarised shortly, with justice, I think, to himself, and with clearness for a reader's purpose. As his first publication seems an introduction to the second, or as they cover practically the same ground, it is difficult to deal with the one in the absence of reference to the other, and I shall draw something from both. Mr. Bayley affirms that the heretical sects of Southern France were the cradle of European paper-making, and for some centuries were also the centre of this industry. From the year 1282 onward, the water-marks on paper were traditional emblems of Provence, but the same designs came to be employed all over Europe and were, therefore, in his opinion, carried by Provençal refugees. He affirms further that mediæval craftsmen of various kinds were adepts in the art of symbolism; that hence it is not surprising if marks on paper should exhibit elaborate intention of an allegorical kind; and that, as a fact, they speak a hidden language. They are not of imagination or fantasy; they are not of the extravagant and even brutal humour which characterised some mediæval carvings in stone. Ordinary symbolism speaks also this language—as witness the Cross and the Pentagram—and folk-lore has a tongue of gold for those who understand its message. By the masters and craftsmen of Southern France it seems to have been in daily use, and it formed part of a planned conspiracy which was maturing for centuries.

It was the conspiracy of several sects, and if I speak of them generically as Albigensian, it is only in the sense that the greater may stand for the whole, seeing that the whole had one spirit, whatever the distinction in their tenets. The Albigenses for Mr. Bayley were primitive Christians, but they believed—or so he reports—in an evil principle which created matter, and they held further that human souls are imprisoned by a catastrophe in cages of flesh. In the virginal conception of Christ and the Resurrection they did not, in his opinion, believe. I mention these points to illustrate what passes in some quarters for pure and primitive Christian doctrine. I am not otherwise concerned with questions of theological appeal and value; but Mr. Bayley should be aware, like myself, that these things are the drift and scattermeal of early Gnosticism; that they have been attributed to Albigenses chiefly on the authority of their enemies he does not seem to recognise. However this may be, and whether such doctrines are arch-heresy or highest mystic truth, if there be real evidence that any Albigensian conspiracy transformed, or sought to transform, intellectual Europe—though fire and sword had well-nigh extinguished the sects—our author has accomplished much more than either of his titles suggest, and more, perhaps, than he imagines. Unfortunately, when the evidence comes to be weighed, it will be found that he has proved nothing but the futility of his case.

Illustrations of Mr. Bayley's method of demonstration may be scheduled as follows: (1) The Albigenses were, according to his records, called the good people; among early papermakers there were names such as Bon, Bonamour, Sauveur; therefore these persons were Albigenses. (2) The French town now known as Dieulouard, and once a centre of paper-making, was originally *Dieu le garde;* it was, therefore, an Albigensian colony. (3) A pseudo-Masonic reverie states that the Third Crusade covered a scheme to erect at Jerusalem a Metropolitan Church as a rival to that of Rome. Everyone knows that this is fraudulent fable, but among early paper-marks there is a globe surmounted by a cross, and it proves that Albigenses were parties to the alleged plot. (4) It was apparently a tenet of the sect that their only sword must be that of the spirit; a sword in one of the emblems is surmounted by a *fleur de lys*, and this is the sword of the spirit, or the doctrine typified. (5) An extended hand bears the inscription FOY, and it refers to the traditional faith of the sects. (7) The unicorn is an emblem of purity; it is found in paper-marks; it is an Albigensian symbol, because the Albigenses were good. (8) The Albigenses regarded Jacob's Ladder as a symbol of virtue and aspiration; I do not find the authority, but a ladder is another paper-mark, and is, therefore, from a factory of the sect. (9) A Gothic R poised on something which stands for a hill signifies *Regeneratio*. (10) Lastly, the appearance of a pope in a water-mark not only confirms what is deduced from the recurrence of the rose as an emblem—namely, that the Albigenses formed themselves into a kind of secret society—but shows that the sect had a hidden church governed by an occult hierarchy.

These evidences, as it seems to me, speak for themselves, and when on the authority of writers now forgotten, whose demonstrations were similar to his own, Mr. Bayley states that the Graal books were Scriptures of the Albigensian Church, when he identifies every vessel in water-marks with the sacred cup and every hill with Mont Salvatch, if not with the hill of Zion, it is difficult to think of any method more arbitrary. When, however, he discourses of Masonry, its horizon and antiquity, even he should be aware that he does not know his subject, and has no titles. My conclusion is that he has given us two entertaining works, but they are written in a hopeless cause. It is the entertainment of the last in particular which has saved it from dismissal in much shorter terms. I think also that his chapters on Cinderella and on the Night of Fire are more than merely interesting; but he should not have written on the Tree of Life with the stock of knowledge at his command. The volumes are beautifully produced and amply illustrated.

A. E. WAITE.

NAPOLEON.*

The two latest books on Napoleon enable the reader to study his amazing character and career as a whole and at the same time to follow step by step, in extraordinary detail, the campaign of 1813, which showed his ambition unchecked by the Russian failure, but his genius at the commencement of its decline. To those who love military history Mr. Loraine Petre's book will give great delight; it is full, exact and plain in its statements, the result obviously of much industry and careful study, and with its excellent series of maps and plans makes it possible to follow clearly a very complicated campaign. Dr. Holland Rose's lectures give by far the most comprehensive and vivid presentation in English of Napoleon's character; he is, of course a great expert on the history of the period and his knowledge of the enormous literature on Napoleon supplies him with the most apt and decisive illustrations and proofs of all that he advances on the genius and personality which are the wonder of the modern world. Comparing his book with the brilliant sketch by Sir John Seeley it is evident that we know much more and ought much more clearly to

* The Personality of Napoleon: the Lowell Lectures delivered at Boston in 1912; by J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. 5s. net. (Bell.)
Napoleon's Last Campaign in Germany, 1813. By F. Loraine Petre. With 17 Maps and Plans. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

understand the man whose glory equals if it does not exceed that of all other men of war and the State. Yet those who know most, and Dr. Rose among them, are again and again puzzled to find any formula that expounds his character, any argument that explains the miracles he wrought.

Seeley declared that he had no ideas peculiar to himself, only a talent for using and converting into force the ideas of his time. Emerson quaintly diagnosed him as "no gentleman," and depicted him as the sublimated genius of the middle-class. Dr. Rose wisely says that it is futile to sum up Napoleon in any one category. "As the elemental in man appeals to our love of romance, the personality of Napoleon will ever be a challenge to more strenuous activity, to greater concentration of purpose, to a defiance of the impossible." Yet this elemental man was broken in the end against the commonplace verities of morality, defeated by no genius superior to his own, but conquered by the humdrum peoples of Europe. In the end he forgot his own maxims as to the need for "hard dry calculation," he allowed infatuation to eclipse the brightness of that reasoning faculty which had been the chief instrument of his greatness, and failed to perceive the strength of that new spirit of nationality which was to bring his Empire to ruin. In his greatest period Napoleon had a mind that was matchless in its power over detail, a quality which he attributed to his mathematical training, but in his later campaigns he grew neglectful of those minor arrangements which he himself declared to be all important in war. Moreover his habit of arranging everything himself, his "centralised system of command," led his subordinates to hesitate and distrust themselves if they had not been given exact instructions. Both these points are well illustrated by Mr. Petre.

Napoleon is the nearest approach to the Superman with whom mankind has had to deal and his career illustrates the benefits and inconveniences that would attend the advent of that much desired personage. He really regarded himself as superior to all laws. Morality, he declared, was not intended for the class of men to which he belonged. He said of some writer: "he speaks of me as if I were a person! I am not a person, I am a *thing*!" His personal energy was tremendous; like our own Henry II. he was never still, but gave his orders rapidly pacing up and down the room. "I can tire out my legs, but I can never tire out my power of work." He cared nothing about the grosser sensual pleasures; great fortune, luxury and pomp were only means, not ends. "My personal property was glory and fame." He was furious with his brother Jerome when he left his ship "for the sake of a wretched woman." His own attitude towards woman was cold and despotic; they were a pleasant distraction at times, but they were never allowed to interfere. From one to whom he said: "Madame, I do not like women meddling with politics," he received the reply "You are right, General, but in a country where their heads are cut off, they naturally want to know why." Dr. Rose says that at the Revolution,

> Women began to assert their rights; but their conduct displayed far more vehemence than wisdom. . . . . They made no effective protest against the scandalous facilities for divorce which crept in under the cloak of liberty; and Napoleon, incisively commenting on the conduct of their sex during the Revolution, had some excuse for saying that in the interests of order they had to be repressed and put back in the old ruts. The history of the feminist movement at that time needs to be studied; for its follies entailed a grievous set-back to the cause of social progress.

Yet Napoleon never failed in his devotion to his mother. Madame Mère never could believe that the glories of her son would last and she persisted in saving money for the future years of leanness which she predicted. She was the only person who dared to remonstrate with the Emperor when he cheated at cards!

Napoleon believed as profoundly as Henry VIII in the unity of the State, but for the omnicompetence of Parliament he substituted the omnicompetence of himself. Efficiency was the first law of his nature and he believed instinctively in good government. One by one he took up all the problems that have proved most difficult to statesmen and in each department he attempted a complete solution. "After long reflection I am convinced that for the settlement of affairs one man alone is needed, and that man can be none other than Bonaparte." He completely centralised all local government, deprived the Central Assemblies of all real power, erected a new order of nobility, codified the laws in so simple a language that "for the first time in human society the poor and unlettered had the chance of knowing what the laws were," organised a national system of secondary schools controlled by the Government, with the University of France at its head, built great roads constructed 1,200 miles of canals, and encouraged commerce by bounties and protection. "He sought to develop France and her vassal States by splendid enterprises, the aim being to make his Empire a self-sufficing unit, able to do without the sugar of the West Indies, or the silks and dyes of the East, and thus give the law to its rivals. So far as human energy and perseverance could achieve the task, he succeeded; and important industries, notably that of the sugar beet-root, attested the resourcefulness which he evoked." All this original and profoundly influential political work proceeded side by side with gigantic conquests. He returns from Austerlitz and founds a University.

Nothing is more characteristic of Napoleon than his attitude towards religion. Dr. Rose quotes a most illuminating statement:

> My policy consists in governing men as the greatest number wish to be governed. That I think is the way of recognizing the sovereignty of the people. By becoming a Catholic I have ended the Vendean War; by becoming a Moslem I gained a footing in Egypt; by becoming Ultramontane I won over public opinion in Italy. If I governed Jews, I would rebuild the temple of Solomon.

In nothing had the Revolution more completely failed than in its political treatment of religion, which began with the Declaration of Rights and ended in crude persecution; in nothing was Napoleon more immediately successful

Cobbett the Recruit.

". . . as I shot up into a hobble-dehoy, I took to driving the plow for the benefit of mankind, which was always my prime object. Hearing that the Church Wardens were after me, I determined to become a Hero, and secretly quitting my agricultural pursuits and Sukey Stubbs—volunteered as a Private Soldier into the 51st Regiment, commanded by that tried Patriot and Martyre Lord Edwd. Fitzgerald—and embarked for the Plantations."—*Vide* My Own Memoires in the Political Register for 1809.

From a caricature by Gillray.

From "Life and Letters of William Cobbett in England and America," by Lewis Melville (John Lane).

Cobbett's Birthplace, at Farnham.

Thursley, where Cobbett frequently stayed.

Photos by F. F. Green.

Cobbett's Oak, at Telford.

than in his Concordat with the Pope, which healed the schism and immensely increased his personal power by giving him the legitimate nomination of the bishops. His own view of the agreement is stated with his own incomparable terseness: the First Consul will nominate fifty bishops, whom the Pope will institute. They will appoint the *curés*, and the State will give them all salaries. The Pope shall confirm the sale of Church property, and give his blessing to the Republic. "We shall have *Salvam fac rem Gallicam* chanted at mass. People may call me a Papist if they like. I am nothing. I was a Mohammedan in Egypt; I shall be a Catholic in France for the sake of the people." But when Napoleon in the height of his Imperial glory quarrelled with the Pope and imprisoned him he found that the ancient controversy between the spiritual and temporal powers was by no means solved by his adroit bargain. The persecuted Pope became a very formidable personage, and despised religion inflicted a serious injury on the Superman's power. And in the end it was the genius-lacking English who were too strong, too persistent for their great enemy, so that our people never had the opportunity of welcoming him as he was confident they desired to do, and those "independent republics of England and Ireland" which he meditated never sprang into existence at his word.

WALFORD D. GREEN.

WILLIAM COBBETT.*

How was it that this son of a peasant farmer became a master of English prose? How was it that he came to achieve a style lucid, easy, virile, and unaffected, yet carrying with it an air of great distinction?

He began to learn grammar when a private soldier garrisoned at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, at the age of twenty-two. His pay was sixpence a day: "The edge of my berth, or that of the guard-bed was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my bookcase; a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing table; and the task did not demand anything like a year of my life. I had no money to purchase candle or oil; in winter time it was rarely that I could get any evening light, but that of a *fire*, and only my *turn* even of that. . . . To buy a pen or a sheet of paper I was compelled to forego some portion of food, though in a state of half starvation . . . and I had to read and to write amidst the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and brawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men."

This private, who soon rose to be sergeant, was indeed a man of grim determination and terrific industry. In an age when to be a soldier was to be a drunken brawler, Cobbett never touched any intoxicating liquors during the whole time he served. His library seemed to have consisted of Lowth's "Grammar," Isaac Watts's "Logic," "the rhetoric of some fellow I have forgotten," a book on geometry, and the Duke of York's "Military Exercises and Evolutions."

He was filled with the egotism of a self-educated man, but as Mr. Melville remarks

* "The Life and Letters of William Cobbett in England and America." By Lewis Melville. With 32 Illustrations. 2 Vols. 32s. net. (John Lane.)

in an introductory chapter, touched with clever, Puck-like criticisms, "his egotism was not offensive because there was no affectation." That captious critic Hazlett wrote of him, "his egotism is full of individuality and has room for very little vanity in it. We feel delighted, rub our hands and draw our chair to the fire, when we come to a passage of this sort; we know it will be something new and good, manly and simple, not the same insipid story of self over again." Cobbett congratulated himself that he had escaped from becoming "as great a fool, as inefficient a mortal, as any of those frivolous idiots that are turned out from Winchester and Westminster Schools, or from any of those dens of dunces called colleges and universities."

But how was it that Cobbett managed to escape from the pedantry of the self-educated man who sets up as schoolmaster to every living being? He seems to have plucked the bones and sinews out of some syntax, and made from them a living masterpiece! When he sat down to write, he wrote like one talking to a friend in a gale of wind. He spoke and wrote as no one ever spoke or wrote before.

We know that with his intensely English nature Cobbett repudiated all claims to genius which he seems to have regarded as something lower than industry. But was there not, after all, a streak of genius in Cobbett? How can we otherwise account for that daring psychological insight of his which brought him immediate fame in republican Philadelphia, when he filled his shop window with the portraits of unpopular monarchs? Who but one who had the eye of a literary genius could see wretched girls working in fields as "ragged as colts and as pale as ashes?" Who but a genius with a colossal ignorance of philosophical writings could have written in a book on grammar: "It is the mind that lives; and the length of life ought to be measured by the number and importance of our ideas, and not by the number of our days"?

Yet I think Cobbett owed something to that chance purchase of a little book for threepence when he adventurously tramped from Farnham to Kew at the age of eleven to seek a job in that gardener's paradise. He had sixpence-halfpenny in his pocket when he started, and the threepence he paid for "The Tale of a Tub," the title of which attracted him in a bookseller's window, robbed him not only of his supper, but also of his last penny. From Swift, Cobbett must have caught the trick of the invective loaded with irony. He tells us himself how he carried about "The Tale of a Tub" wherever he went, until he "lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy in North America," and that "the loss gave me greater pain than I have since felt in losing thousands of pounds."

Though Cobbett wielded his pen like a bludgeon, there was no confusion about his strokes, no riot of pummeling which could become an incoherent storm of words. Though it often fell on the wrong head every blow was distinct and well timed.

He showed, however, even greater genius in mastering the difficult art of living well than in writing well. That is what is borne in upon us from reading these entertaining letters.

Hurstbourne Tarrant, overlooking The Rookery, where Cobbett stayed and wrote many of his "Rural Rides."

The Rookery at Uphusband, where Cobbett used to stay with his friend Blount, who would leave a plate of pork and bread (for any passing tramp) on the top of the broad wall.

Photos by F. E. Green.

The Winterslow Hut, in which Hazlett was living and writing when Cobbett rode by.

It was inconceivable that Cobbett could long remain the friend of a Prime Minister, who, we learn from the Hammonds' book "The Village Labourer," confessed to the House of Commons when he dropped his Reform of the Poor Law Bill, that he knew nothing about the rural poor of England. It was when Cobbett left the "great wen" behind him, with its futile politics of "high life" and mounted his horse on his rural rides, that he became the St. George of the English labourer and entered into his kingdom.

Mr. Melville has done literature and history a service in showing how a Royal personage might write undecorated, lucid, forcible English when the writing is dictated by a Cobbett. Those letters written by Cobbett and signed by Queen Caroline to her most august relations are entertaining reading. We would that we had a few more letters written by Cobbett's daughter, Anne, who was not only a sturdy champion, but also an apt, literary pupil of her father. When Anne writes to her brother of how Queen Caroline said after Cobbett left her presence: "'Well, now, if that is Mr. C. no wonder such fine writing comes from him. He is the finest man I have seen since I came to England. Aye, aye, if there be only a few such men as that to stand by me I shall not care for the Lords.' All of which the Govr. says is nothing more than bare justice, for he says he saw no man there anything to compare to himself; you know the gentleman has by no means a contemptible notion of his person."

It is in the picture they give us of Cobbett as a husband and father that these letters are most illuminating. The truculent bludgeoner in public stands out in these pages, conspicuously different to so many a man of genius, as a loyal and tender husband and father. This man, who could subdue an entirely hostile House of Commons by his dominating personality never apparently gave an order to his children. He influenced by precept and reward, and they repaid him by loyalty and comradeship in managing his business affairs after he had been swindled by man after man, as well as ruined by the Government. It was Leslie Stephens who said: "The domestic Cobbett was invariably charming."

The excellent reproductions of Gillray's caricatures add to the value of these volumes.

I cannot close this review without pointing to Cobbett's extraordinary achievements as a literary pamphleteer. I attribute his great success to his courageous, direct, human appeal. He never flinched from making personal attacks when combating some evil thing, some vicious system—even when faced with a sentence of two years' imprisonment.

F. E. GREEN.

BUTLER'S NOTE-BOOKS.*

I will not begin by referring to Samuel Butler as a one-book author; partly because I do not wish to put his enthusiastic followers to the trouble of denying it, as they always do; chiefly because I do not think he is a one-book author, for the one book that is universally granted to him is "Erewhon," and I confess I could never understand how anyone can for a moment rank "Erewhon" above that masterly study of modern life—that great novel "The Way of All Flesh." If Butler is a one-book author, that is his book; but so far as I am concerned, he shall have four, "Life and Habit," being his third, and this volume compiled from his note-books the fourth. And that is a large allowance. Nearly all authors write far too much; they will not or cannot leave off when they have said everything they have to say—they must needs go on repeating themselves, and at the end of the day you find even the greatest of them is whittled down to half a dozen volumes at most, and the happiest and oftenest read live compactly in one or two.

* "The Note-Books of Samuel Butler." Selections arranged and Edited by Henry Festing Jones. With Photogravure Portrait. 6s. net. (Fifield.)

Butler's fame has been a slow growth, but his niche in the Temple is secure, and if it is in a dim corner one cannot but see that the sunlight is slowly travelling his way. I am glad of his "Note-Books," because they epitomise much of his philosophy; they give you the roots and germ of "Erewhon," and of some of those lesser books of his that you will never read again. More than that, they are a revelation of himself; they offer all sorts of intimate glimpses of him; his everyday life, his friends, his thoughts about himself, his work, and his critics. His failure, in the commercial sense of the word, calls for no sympathy. He had a sense of humour that saved him from over-valuing either the applause or the censures of a very fallible world; he had always the consolations of a private income, and he was sustained by a fixed confidence in the enduring quality of his work. He published at his own expense, because, he says, he could not be bothered with hunting round for a publisher and being continually rejected; and he prepared a table showing that only one of his books yielded him any profit, and that was "Erewhon," and that his total loss on them amounted to nearly eight hundred pounds. To this must be added, he remarks, his book on Shakespeare's Sonnets, "in respect of which I have had no account as yet, but am over a hundred pounds out of pocket by it so far—little of which, I fear, is ever likely to come back." Here are a few of his notes on this phase of his experience:

"When I am dead, do not let people say of me that I suffered from misrepresentation and neglect. I was neglected and misrepresented; very likely not half so much as I supposed but, nevertheless, to some extent neglected and misrepresented. I growl at this sometimes but, if the question were seriously put to me whether I would go on as I am, or become famous in my lifetime, I have no hesitation about which I should prefer. I would willingly pay the few hundred pounds which the neglect of all my works costs me in order to be let alone and not plagued by the people who would come round me if I were known. The probability is I shall remain after my death as obscure as I am now; if this be so, the obscurity will, no doubt, be merited, and if not, my books will work not only as well without my having been known in my lifetime, but a great deal better; my follies and blunders will the better escape notice to the enhancing of the value of anything that may be found in my books. . . .

"Shall I be remembered after death? I sometimes think and hope so. But I trust I may not be found out (if ever I am found out, and if I ought to be found out at all) before my death. It would bother me very much, and I should be much happier and better as I am [1880].

"*P.S.*—This note I leave unaltered. I am glad to see I had so much sense thirteen years ago. What I thought then I think now, only with greater confidence and confirmation. [1893] . . .

"I believe my reputation stands well with the best people. Granted that it makes no noise, but I have not been willing to take the pains necessary to achieve what may be called guinea-pig review success, because, although I have been in financial difficulties, I did not seriously need success from a money point of view, and because I hated the kind of people I should have had to court and kow-tow to if I went in for that sort of thing. . . . A man cannot be said to have failed because he did not get what he did not try for. What I did try for I believe I have got as fully as any reasonable man can expect, and I have every hope that I shall get it still more both so long as I live and after I am dead."

There is something fine and stimulating in this frank self-confidence. He is as frank and individual in all his notes. He had an almost fierce dislike of Tennyson and Thackeray, and seems to have held Bunyan and Dickens rather cheaply; but his adoration of Handel and Shakespeare was boundless. Art, literature, music, science, religion, morality, the common affairs of common life, the mysteries of the seen and the unseen worlds—he had brooded over all things from his individual standpoint, and his thoughts and opinions are shrewd and penetrating and often wonderfully illuminating. I like the little rough sketches he makes of his association with Clifford's Inn, and that neighbourhood; his sketches and anecdotes are admirable and full of his own quiet, dry, satirical, ironical humour; but all his *obiter dicta* are full of it too. I had marked a score or two of these latter for quotation, but my space is exhausted, and I shall have to send you to the book for them, and could not send you to any book of recent years that contains more wisdom, more wit, or a larger, saner philosophy of life crowded into four hundred

pages, without a dull page to them all. It has so taken me that I am going to take heart of grace and proclaim that if ever I had to reduce Butler to two books they should be this one and "The Way of All Flesh"—his disciples might think and say of me as they would, it is "Erewhon" that should go overboard.

One must add a word of gratitude to Mr. Festing Jones for his preface, concerning the writing of these "Note-Books," and for the care and skilfulness with which he has selected the notes and arranged them according to their subjects.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

THE CHINESE REPUBLIC AND ITS FUTURE.*

In the course of his Diary, recently published in the columns of the *Observer*, Li Hung-chang, after a visit to the slums of London, remarks:

"The more I see and learn of the lower classes of people in Europe, the greater is my love and pity for the miserable poor of my own country, for by comparison the latter are less vicious."

Mr. Bland, previously known to the public in this country as part author of a book on Li Hung-chang's great mistress, the Empress Tzu Hsi, in his new work strikingly endorses Li's opinion. He finds "the patient, philosophical sons of Han," so often and so heavily afflicted by misfortune, a most lovable race.

"If affliction is good for the soul," he says, "the Chinese soul has received its full share of good—but, whatever the origin of its excellence, we need no better proof of the inherent moral qualities and social virtues of the Chinese than the fact that the Europeans who have lived amongst them speak of them with affection and leave them with sincere regret. . . . The European resident instinctively recognises in the Chinese outlook upon life, even amongst the humblest of the population, certain elemental virtues which have been lost in the hurry of our modern civilisation."

It is these humble ones—"the stupid people," in the phrase of the Chinese *literati*—who have, unconsciously, given to the newly-established Republic of China an appearance of stability and strength. The Revolution has come, has swept away all the old landmarks, and has (nominally at least) created a new world on the mainland of Eastern Asia. "The stupid people" have acquiesced, and their acquiescence has been taken by the majority of spectators of the Revolution to mean that they are in sympathy with the aims of the Young China party and delight in liberty, equality and fraternity, including all the twentieth century interpretations of that famous motto. Fond delusion! The Chinese masses, now as before, earnestly desire peaceful government, under which to live out their sober, strenuous lives and solve the problem of combining great race-fecundity and limited means of subsistence. Manchu "Sons of Heaven" and Republican presidents are nothing to them, and the less they hear of either the better they will like it. The good ruler, in their eyes, is he who, while maintaining good order, interferes with them least.

The Manchu dynasty had doubtless exhausted its mandate to the Dragon Throne, like the Mings before it. It had to be replaced, for the general health of China. Dr. Sun Yat-sen and his friends, full of Western, and particularly of American, ideas, have deposed the Manchus and set up what bears a remarkable likeness to Utopia. They have done so amid the applause of those whose teachings they have imbibed, and of countless more whose Western pride is flattered by the thought that the East is a pupil of the West. The Chinese Republic has therefore received the blessing of the civilised world, in the common (though arrogant) acceptance of the term.

Mr Bland, however, is not one of those who greet China's Revolution with cheers. He sees in Sun Yat-sen a hopeless visionary, and in the handiwork of him and his associates a fatal disregard of Chinese traditions and needs. Worse still, he finds in the Young China party as much self-seeking, greed, and corruption as in the old mandarins. There are honest men in the ranks, but they are destitute of the Idea which makes for regeneration. Instead they have imperfectly learnt the ideas of others, and have imposed them on their fellow countrymen. "If history teaches that the man comes with the hour, it teaches also that the hour comes not by accident, but only after long years of preparation." In this case there has been no such preparation. Therefore Young China will pass, to give place to something more suitable to the Chinese character; unless foreign aggression first takes advantage of the situation to cut China up, as many of the outside nations have been so long desiring to do. A strong man could save the country. Is President Yuan Shi-kai the man? Up to now he has consented to work with Young China, for he is a masterly opportunist. But to redeem his native land he must sweep the party away, and with it a great deal of its achievements. Mr. Bland would like to see him make himself monarch, if—and this he seems inclined to believe—he has sufficient force of character. If not he, then someone else must arise, who with a firm hand will bring back what was good in the old traditions, secure the dissemination of what is good in the new theories, and suppress the anarchy which, under cover of the Revolution, has spread itself over the land. Otherwise, China's fate is sealed.

Mr. Bland's work was badly needed, to correct the false ideas prevalent in the West about the Chinese Republic. His view of the situation is clear and sane, and to the present writer seems indisputably true. There is much more in the book than it is possible to allude to in a brief notice, but its chief value lies in the exposition of the argument sketched above. In its form there is something to be desired, but the author apologises for such defects as are due to the previous appearance of part of the material in newspapers and magazines. He might, however, have removed the cross-headings, which are more suited to journalism than to a volume. But it would be ungrateful to cavil when we have presented to us so sound and thoughtful a piece of work as Mr. Bland's.

PHILIP W. SERGEANT.

* "Recent Events and Present Policies in China." By J. O. P. Bland. Illustrated. 16s. net. (Heinemann.)

THE APOTHEOSIS OF JUJUTSU.*

The words at the head of this review of Mr. A. J. Harrison's deeply interesting and informative book exactly (though not perhaps fully) describe it. That the Jujutsu (incorrectly known here as the Juijitsu) method of fighting or defending oneself is a valuable one, no one who reads Mr. Harrison's book will have any doubt, but he very early points out that its virtues and efficiency have been greatly over-rated, and that it is absurd to suppose, as has been asserted, that an average Japanese policeman is so complete a master of this art that he can "push over a brawny English or American jack-tar with his little finger." In his early chapters the author gives a really interesting exposition of this science and its inner meaning, from the feudal times, when the members of the *samurai* class were, owing to the frankly sedentary habits of the vast mass of the people, the repositories of the manly arts and almost without exception exponents of *judo*, archery, fencing, and other physical exercises. They constituted in fact the "fighting spirit of Japan." It would appear, however, that the devotion of the *samurai* to physical exercise was not sufficient to keep the race at a satisfactory state of physical efficiency, and in his second chapter Mr. Harrison quotes extensively from an article in a Tokyo newspaper, in which the defects and shortcomings of the race and the physical deterioration are pointed out and the possible causes examined into with some detail. There is little doubt but that the Japanese have, until quite recently, been inclined to place too much faith in the ancient methods of physical culture, and to attach too much importance to

* "The Fighting Spirit of Japan." By E. J. Harrison. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

mere formalities. We have an amusing instance of this latter characteristic in connection with Mr. Harrison's visits to a *daikyuba* or archery range. Here he learnt something of the elaborate rules which govern the use of the bow in Japan. How to hold the latter, how to draw it, how the arrow should be fitted, etc. But, much to the disgust of the proprietor and of the Japanese *habitues*, a friend and fellow-journalist, who transgressed every canon of archery and outraged every principle, went on scoring bull's-eyes, whilst his Japanese competitors, who shot with the utmost grace and kept to the elaborate rules, could not find the centre.

All through the book an impression is left upon the mind of the reader that till, at all events, recent years the fighting spirit of Japan travelled upon very conventional and hard and fast lines, and that the people lacked initiative to a remarkable degree. But the spirit, largely one of fatalistic self-sacrifice, and inbred patriotism, derived traditionally through the gods themselves, was ever present to prepare them for the great awakening which took place a decade or so ago.

Regarding forms of outdoor exercise and the introduction into Japan of Western sports and pastimes, the author has much to say that is of particular interest. Swimming, though much practised and taught in schools, is not at that state of perfection one would assume from accounts of swimming feats and records broken appearing from time to time in the native press. Physical culture, however, on broader Western lines is making some headway in even the girls' schools nowadays. And properly followed up with the adoption of different views regarding attire and other hygienic matters, should, Mr. Harrison thinks, have a good effect in putting a curb on race decay.

One illuminating explanation of the state of Japanese roads, which are, of course, notoriously bad, we must quote. It is representative of the keenness of Mr. Harrison's observation, and the thoroughness with which he has mastered his subject. He ascribes the indifference of the Japanese to good roads to the wearing of the *géta* or high wooden clogs, which keep both the feet and clothing up out of the mud, and of the *waraji* or straw sandals, which from their cheapness can be cast aside without compunction. There is also the practice of slipping off the footgear when entering a house, which makes the Japanese more indifferent to mud than one imagines would be otherwise the case, considering the love of spotless cleanliness in the house which is a distinguishing Japanese characteristic.

Mr. Harrison goes very thoroughly into the inner mysteries and science of *judo*, fencing, wrestling and sword-dancing, and has something interesting to say upon all of these subjects. He gives a vivid account of the two-handed sword play, for which the *samurai* of the past and professors of the present time are famous.

It is impossible, of course, within the limits of this review to go into the very interesting examination of the exact position in the fighting spirit of the race occupied by the "yogi," or occult operator, who undoubtedly holds an important position in Japanese eosoteric belief. Nor can one quote from the amusing and valuable chapter upon "Some Superstitions and Occult Practices," in which Mr. Harrison tells us he was able, on more than one occasion, to expose the absolutely fraudulent methods of the priests in their dealings with the common people. The chapters devoted to "The Cult of Cold Steel," "The Sock and Buskin," dealing with the theatre and actors, and that upon "The Eternal Feminine," have all interested us deeply. We are glad to find Mr. Harrison agrees with most that has been written by thoughtful and impartial people regarding the charm of the Japanese girl, her womanliness, and her possession of graces which are nowadays being rigorously uprooted by her Western sisters to their own detriment, as we think, and to the sincere regret of those who hold womanhood in high esteem. He says, "in my opinion, the Japanese woman is in many respects the chief glory of the nation." Though we do not find ourselves able to endorse Mr. Harrison's opinions in every regard, we thank him for an able, entertaining, and informative volume. We hope that it will reach another edition, so that an index, which would be of great service, may be added.

CLIVE HOLLAND.

Japanese ladies and child, showing shimada style of coiffure.

From "The Fighting Spirit of Japan" (Fisher Unwin).

LOEB'S LIBRARY.*

Translation is a pastime or a torment to the translator, according to his disposition; to the reader its value depends upon the extent to which the translator is master of his own language. This gift does not necessarily,

* "Sophocles" with an English translation by F. Storr, B.A. vol. I

"Apollonius Rhodius," with an English translation by R. C. Seaton, M.A.

"Appian's Roman History," with an English translation by Horace White M.A., LL.D. vol. I.

"The Greek Bucolic Poets," with an English translation by J. M. Edmonds, M.A.

Cicero, Letters to Atticus; with an English translation by E. O. Winstedt, M.A. vol. I. 5s. each.

or even usually, go with learning. The rusty pen, worn with marking the passage and exscribing the gloss, has, alas, little skill to collect living words in the vulgar tongue of the scholar. In the five volumes which are the last output of the Loeb Series, learning is more conspicuous than skill in words. Mr. Storr's attempt to render Sophocles in blank verse and rhymed odal measures is the most ambitious of these undertakings. Considerable courage is implied in attacking a play so sublime as the "Antigone," and to the scholar so hackneyed, and a subject like Sophocles, all but extinguished by Sir Richard Jebb—and whatever exceptions there may be to be made to Mr. Storr's style, it must be freely admitted that he has done better by his author than the confectioner's English of the Cambridge edition. Mr. Storr's blank verse is a stiff, educated sort of fabric, unmodulated and hard, and his vocabulary is ordinary without being plain:

> "Then thou mayst ease thy conscience on that score.
> Listen, and I'll convince thee that no man
> Hath scot or lot in the prophetic art.
> Here is the proof in brief. An oracle
> Once came to Laius (I will not say
> 'Twas from the Delphic God himself, but from
> His ministers) declaring he was doomed
> To perish by the hand of his own son."

We are now accustomed to better than this. It is legitimate to doubt if Mr. Gilbert Murray's version of Euripides is a faithful picture of the original, but he has habituated us to look for one thing in verse renderings of ancient drama, and that is beauty. This is not discernible in Mr. Storr's lines. And however passable his dialogue is, his choruses miss fire. The wayfaring man, the person of small fortune who cannot appreciate the original, must not be allowed to suppose that

> "Who is he by voice immortal named from Pythia's rocky cell,
> Doer of foul deeds of bloodshed, horror that no tongue can tell?
> A foot for flight he needs
> Fleeter than storm-swift steeds,
> For on his heels doth follow,
> Armed with the lightnings of his sire, Apollo.
> Like sleuth-hounds, too,
> The fates pursue"

is anything like Sophocles. Still, if the wayfarer cuts the lyrics, and reads Mr. Storr's blank verse quickly, he will get the *frisson* of the "Oedipus Tyrannus." The glories of Sophocles' art will be hidden from him, but he will gain what the Greeks considered the essential part of a play. Mr. Storr is the brother of Dr. Way, and the late Mr. Morshead.

In choosing Mr. Seaton to translate Apollonius Rhodius' "Argonautica," the editors have enlisted the principal authority. Mr. Seaton, as his Oxford text shows, knows all about Apollonius, and his version is far from inadequate. The most obvious criticism that it occurs to make is that the translation is too direct and simple for the late-flowering art of the Alexandrian. The original might be any other author in the epic manner. It takes more going about and a more artful and a corrupter English to render Apollonius' staple of uniform antiquarianism and his interludes of elaborately beautiful similes and florid psychology of Love.

The version of Appian by Mr. Horace White, who is an American, revised by Mr. J. D. Denniston, is completely satisfactory. Appian has no style. If Dionysius of Halicarnassus had known him he would have included him in his styleless limbo, along with Polybius and Phylarchus. He has as much and as little as Dion Cassius or Herodian, and rather more than Plutarch. He gains under Mr. White's hands. On the other hand, the history is valuable, and makes one of the more useful volumes of the series. All is as it should be.

Mr. Edmonds' version of Theocritus, and the other Bucolics, is the most important effort in these five volumes, and deserves every recognition. The writer has an original conception of his theme, and gives us a Theocritus entirely unlike the renderings to which we are accustomed. The novelty of his method is that he has separated the narrative part of the original from the songs, the pieces performed in competition. The former he has put into prose, the rest into verse. This distinction is a real one, and goes to help the reader. The prose Mr. Edmonds has chosen is a kind of Elizabethan clown's lingo, and recalls the staccato medium in which Shakespeare's rustics exchange ideas. Mr. Edmonds manages it with much skill and vigour. His verse, as he says, is "the common ballad-metre written long." Of this I quote I. 64 (ἄρχετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῖσαι φίλαι ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς),

> *"Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses.*
> 'Tis Thyrsis sings of Etna, and a rare sweet voice hath he,
> Where were ye Nymphs when Daphnis pined? ye Nymphs, O where were ye?
> Was it Peneius' pretty vale or Pindus' glens? 'Twas never
> Arapus flood nor Etna's pike, nor Acis' holy river.
> *Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses.*
> When Daphnis died the foxes wailed and the wolves they wailed full sore,
> The lion from the greenwood wept when Daphnis was no more,

and X. 26 (βομβύκα χαρίεσσα),

> Bombyca fair to other folk you may a Gypsy be.
> Sunburnt and lean they call you, you're honeyflowers to me,
> Of flowers the violet's dark, and dark the lettered flag-flower tall,
> But when there's nosegays making they choose them first of all.
> Dame Goat pursues the clover, Gray Wolf doth goat pursue,
> Sir Stork pursues the plough; and I—O! I am wild for you."

And as an average specimen of his prose, IV. 44:

> BATTUS.
>
> "Up with you, ye calves; up the hill! They are at the green of those olives, the varlets."
>
> CORYDON.
>
> "Hey up, Snowdrop! hey up. Good body! to the hill wi' ye! Art thou deaf? 'Fore Pan I'll presently come thee an evil end if thou stay there. Look ye there: back she comes again. Would there were but a hurl-bat in my hand! I had had at thee.
>
> BATTUS.
>
> Ceres save thee, Corydon; see here! It had at me as thou saidst the word, this thorn, here under my ankle. And how deep the spindle-thorns go! A plague o' thy heifer! It all came o' my gaping after her."

Mr. Edmonds' reader will not waste his time, and he will admire Mr. Edmonds' skill. At the same time he will ask himself if this is really Theocritus. With all the translator's daring, learning, freedom and speed, does he convey by his English what the Hellenist obtains from the Greek? Two things seem wanting in this ingenious and subtle rendering—melody and beauty. Theocritus is in verse—suave, broad, regular verse, and half his charm is in his measure, his vowels, and the ricks of the bucolic hexameter. He is not quaint, not folklorish; he is passionate and flowing. Mr. Edmonds' prose, for all that it is pungent and racy, is the translation of something else. He is closer to fact than Theocritus is. Theocritus' clowns are not real clowns; they are not, indeed, the detestable, non-existent rustics of the later pastoral, but they are glassed over by a stream of melody and colour. They have no "mark you's," nor apostrophied prepositions. The atmosphere which Mr. Edmonds professes he intends to raise is indeed raised, but it is not Theocritean, it is literary-Elizabethan, jerky and quaint. The verse does not fall exactly under this criticism, much of it is charming, and so vigorous as to carry its own justification, but it is more the lisping Elizabethan pastoral than the small epos, and here and there, if Mr. Edmonds does not mind plain statements, lapses like the Elizabethan into doggerel. No, with all his skill and learning, the translator does not make us forget his predecessors. "Thou'rt come dear heart, thou'rt come, after two days and nights, albeit one will turn a lover gray," sends us to Mr. Hallard's musical rendering of ἦλυθες ὦ φίλε κοῦρε, and it is the music, in original or translation, that we cannot do without. In the prose we do not forget Andrew Lang. After all, there is much Theocritus in Clough, and English hexameters or some long rhymed lines might have done the

narrative, and lyrics, but less familiar and simple, the songs. I do not quite understand Mr. Edmonds' choice of a medium, he should have told us more about it in his preface. Harking back to origins, perhaps, has something to do with it, and he seems to me too clever and particular, herein resembling Walter Headlam, whose English verse was unsuccessful from too great knowledge. It should be said that Mr. Edmonds gives an apparatus criticism of real value, and a text containing many of his own conjectures. He ought to produce an edition.

Mr. Winstedt brings up the rear with a red volume, containing a portion of Cicero's "Letters to Atticus." These he has turned into genial, fluent English, which is excellent reading. Mr. Winstedt, whose name is already imperishably carved on the stele of philological fame, may be congratulated on his *loisirs de fonctionnaire*. The question to be raised in the matter is of the period of English into which M. T. C.'s correspondence should go; how much later than Walpole it should be brought down. Mr. Winstedt seems to have struck the right note on the whole. Possibly a prolonged search might detect some expressions of questionable grace; I seem to have caught one case of "he wrote me that;" but perhaps a literary statesman, if there are any, would say so to-day.

The volumes are of a convenient size, and the paper tolerable. The Greek type is too large for the page, and in consequence is disagreeably crowded.

T. W. ALLEN.

SOME RECENT POETS.

Whether it is or is not a compliment to publish all the poems, except the dramas, of the chief of living poets, at as low a price as if he were a classic, by a happy chance something more than a compliment is simultaneously paid by the dedication to him, on the part of editor and poets, of an anthology of Georgian Poetry. The poets are Messrs. Abercrombie, Bottomley, Brooke, Chesterton, W. H. Davies, de la Mare, Drinkwater, Flecker, Gibson, D. H. Lawrence, Masefield, Monro, Sturge Moore, Ronald Ross, Sargant, Stephens, and R. C. Trevelyan; and if only Mr. de la Mare among the number bears any obvious relationship to Mr. Bridges, the dedication is the more remarkable, as showing from how many different young men—dwelling in how different a world from that of "I love all beauteous things" and "I have loved flowers that fade"—his loveliness, his purity and his originality command homage.

"Georgian Poetry" contains "beauteous things." It includes for example long poems by Messrs. Abercrombie, Davies, Masefield, Sturge Moore, and James Stephens. It includes the two most impressive of Mr. Gordon Bottomley's recent poems, five remarkable pieces by Mr. Rupert Brooke, and five representative poems from Mr. de la Mare's "Listeners." Altogether it is a brilliant selection from the poetry of 1911 and 1912. But it is less and more than that. It excludes many poems because it aims at showing what young men are typical and promising, what elder men notably reflect the spirit of the moment. Nobody not jaded by excess of poetry or starved for lack of it, will fail to see that there is such a spirit when he meets it thus concentrated. Compare it with a similar book of poetry from 1901 and 1902 and its novelty is apparent. There is, by the way, no anthology of 1901 and 1902, but if it is now too late to make one, it is to be hoped that similar volumes will henceforward be compiled decennially or even quinquennially. If they find editors as generous and impartial as "E.M." they will, like this Georgian anthology, be valuable and delightful.

"The Poetical Works of Robert Bridges," excluding the Eight Dramas. 2s. (Oxford University Press.)

"Georgian Poetry, 1911–1912." (The Poetry Bookshop, 35, Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.)

"Deborah: A Play in Three Acts." By Lascelles Abercrombie. 2s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

"Immanence." By Evelyn Underhill. 4s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

"Poems." By Lucy Masterman. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

"Streets: A Book of London Verses." By Douglas Goldring. 2s. 6d. net. (Max Goschen.)

"The Venturers and other Poems." By Vivian Locke Ellis. 1s. net. (21, York Buildings, Adelphi.)

Was there ten years ago such vividness—or such hectic and excited striving after vividness—as in Mr. Abercrombie? In his new play—where he redresses the long-troubled balance by putting into the mouths of fishermen such poetry as used to be held too good for any but kings—a man speaks of a plague thus:

> "The whole earth's peoples have been fiercely caught
> Like torn small papers in a wind, in this
> Great powerful ailing."

Another speaks of a sailor:

> "With the ribs of his breast crusht like a trodden hamper,
> Lying three days crampt in a boat, and he for ever groaning."

Ten years ago Mr. Chesterton was consoling and praising the ass by recalling the day when Christ rode one into Jerusalem. To-day Mr. Rupert Brooke sincerely and (so far as an unbewitched landsman can judge) powerfully endeavours to sympathise with a fish and its "dark ecstasies" where:

> "Those silent waters weave for him
> A fluctuant mutable world and dim,
> Where wavering masses bulge and gape . . . "

Ten years ago Mr. Gordon Bottomley was not picturing the end of the world and the building of Babel in blank verse like the quintessence of G. W. Stevens' prose. Ten years ago nobody knew that Mr. W. H. Davies was a poet, —not even himself. But then he is a fortunate accident that might have happened at any time, but did not. Ten years ago the surviving *Yellow Book* men would have been pleased with Mr. D. H. Lawrence's subject, enraged with his indifference to their execution. Nor would they alone have been enraged, and not only Mr. Lawrence would have given offence. They would have contracted a chill from so much eagerness both to come at truth and to avoid the appearance of insincerity, the fidelity to crudest fact in Messrs. Abercrombie, Gibson and Masefield, the fidelity to airiest fancy in Mr. de la Mare, and to remotest intuition or guessing in Mr. Brooke, the mixture everywhere of what they would have called realism and extravagance. They could not have endured the simplicity of Mr. Abercrombie's "Deborah" as here:

> "Is it only a small thing to you, this
> That once was David's? . . . "

or the violent subtlety of his "Sale of St. Thomas," as here:

> "Gigantic thirst grieving our mouths with dust,
> Scattering up against our breathing salt
> Of blown dried dung, till the taste eat like fires
> Of a wild vinegar into our sheathed marrows . . . "

The anthology does not include all that is typical, or all that is best. It excludes women altogether, and therefore tells us nothing of Miss Underhill's spiritual and definitely mystic lyric, of which her new book gives many perfect examples: nor in any case could it have included anything from Mrs. C. F. G. Masterman's first book, so gravely, courageously and widely sympathetic, so graceful and finished in a variety of metrical forms. Still more serious omissions are the names of Messrs. Douglas Goldring and Vivian Locke Ellis. Mr. Goldring was perhaps not impossible ten years ago. His book consists of experiments in capturing the soul, or one of the souls, of twenty or thirty London streets. In some he speaks of his own feeling towards them; in others he speaks for them as if he were an inhabitant. His methods vary almost as much as his streets, from the downright to the romantic, but he is invariably interesting, often brilliant.

Mr. Ellis published his first book eight years ago, and though he deserved a place for every possible reason in "Georgian Poetry," he would have stood well apart from most of his companions, except Messrs. Davies and de la Mare. He is conscious that the fates have confused him with mortal questionings—the sonnet, "In Cornwall," in which he says so, is not his best, but is a good example of his more purely reflective work:

> "I envy him whose genius, like the call
> And tyrannous voice of ocean on thy coast
> At turn of tide, doth summon and enthrall
> In strange eye-service; him it pleases most

To dwell in thy cloud-palaces and trace
The paths of the white wind upon the shore,
And the fast-flowing shadows on the face
Of glittering seas; I envy him the more
When inland calm his spirit captivates,
And all the store of human days is hid
In pictured fields. Me the erroneous fates
Confuse with mortal questionings, and bid
Still stand, in presence of the unlifting lid
Of Reason's dawn, and at his cloudy gates."

But in spite of this admission his task is to sing and not, like many of his contemporaries, to preach, whether against preachers or not. He has already ripened a sweet grave style, and several of the poems in this volume are perfect enchantments. The only other example for which there is room shows him at the opposite extreme of lightness:

"Come early, cuckoo, patient bird,
And on thy three-stringed viol strum;
Come early, cuckoo; thou art heard,
And no man doubts that spring hath come;
Tune thy two strings and break the third.

"Come seldom, cuckoo, welcome guest
Who wear'st thy welcome out too soon;
Usurper of the small bird's nest,
Thou art well paid for thy one tune,
Now get thee gone, thou weariest."

Mr. Ellis writes of England, of love and death, and Nature, nearly always with his original, powerful and mysterious combination of gravity and sweetness, but without monotony. He stands apart, as Mr. Bridges has always done, with a loveliness and originality as distinct as his.

EDWARD THOMAS

Novel Notes.

THE DEBIT ACCOUNT. By Oliver Onions. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

Those who were fortunate enough to read "In Accordance with the Evidence" will be more than prepared for the grey, dry style of the present sequel. It is the manner of the "low tone," of the "secessionist" painter, of the rebel against the old narrative convention. There is not a sentimental lapse, a primary colour, a touch of the obvious, in the book, and hardly a smooth or flowing sentence. "The Debit Account," therefore, if Mr. Onions will excuse the pun, is all to his credit. He has emulated the method of the Japanese soldier; he has learned "to do without." He has introduced us to a company of characters who make not a single appeal to our admiration or our affections. There is not one of the group, in fact, that we would particularly care to know in real life; and to do them and the author justice, they none of them seem to make a bid for this kind of interest. They are intent, as he is, on working out a story with a plan, and they succeed. At least they carry us through three hundred pages of the cleverest tale of suspense we have met for many years, and the author's method is to let his readers into the secret and to burke a disclosure at the finish with a postcript of tragedy. Part of the cleverness of the arrangement is to put the grim revelation in the mouth of a merely minor personage, and leave the real instrument of fate a passive and sympathetic listener. And this touch of wilfulness is so logical to the scheme that the reader never resents it for a moment. The vindication of the process Mr. Onions has adopted is that once you have read the first few pages you cannot escape the rest of the book. It forces you to read in spite of its conscious and intentional limitations. The action remains in North and West London, and in the most prosy quarters at that—simply the fringe of Hampstead Heath and the portions of Lower Regent Street, with a midnight jaunt round Chelsea on a dismal night—that is all. But that midnight jaunt in the rain is as powerful a scene as anything in modern London fiction outside Gissing or "Number 5 John Street." It puts a murderer at the mercy of a betrayed woman, and beyond the reluctant avowal that she loves him, her lips are sealed. But she warns him that sooner or later he must make his wife a sharer in the secret, and the rest of the story is a battle against unwillingness and all sorts of hostile forces. To indicate the plot in plainer terms would be to steal a march upon the author and his readers, and the readers of this novel should be legion, all spellbound and all grateful. We wonder how many of them will note one curious and uncharacteristic slip—where Miriam Levey, a Jewess of the Jews, asks Jeffries and his wife to call her by her "Christian" name!

Photo by Wheeler, Weymouth. **Mr. Paul Trent.**

THE FOUNDLING. By Paul Trent. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

John Strand derives his surname from the fact that his foster father's story is to the effect that he was found as a baby in that thoroughfare. As a matter of fact, however, the foster father did not tell the truth on this point, which was destined to be one of considerable importance to John. The foundling had a good education, and, being interested in politics, eventually he became a Member of Parliament—a Labour Member—and a very brilliant one at that. It was then that he fell under the spell of Lady Cora Southwold, niece of the Prime Minister, to whose government the support of John and the Labour Party was an essential. But, unfortunately, the Prime Minister was not a straight man, and he allowed private affairs to become mingled with politics in a manner that can hardly have been for the good of the country. At first John bested him merely by force of honesty, but later things got very complicated indeed. How this came about and why, the reader will prefer that we should not tell, for the plot of "The Foundling" is the strong point of the book. It is, in fact, a very ingenious and well-told story, and its improbabilities are deftly smoothed over. It is also thoroughly good reading, and its love-interests are both numerous and romantic. Mr. Paul Trent writes in a pleasant and effective manner, and he may be congratulated upon a sound piece of work.

SWIFT NICK OF THE NORTH ROAD. By George Edgar. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Mr. Edgar writes with a running pen, but with a frank desire to entertain; and we have nothing but praise for this truly dashing narrative of adventure in the days of the second Charles, with its rooks and pigeons of high and low degree, its gaming dens, its look-and-do sword play, its dicing captains, roués, gallant lovers, courageous maidens, and its canting crew, depicted here with a touch that reminds one of the facility of Bulwer Lytton. Nicholas Nevinson loses a fortune in the night-house of one Isaacs in Covent Garden, accuses his opponent of foul play, pinks him in the Green Park, is outlawed from the Argyle Rooms, turns the tables on the foppish Beau Morris, takes to "the road," outwits the scheming Sir Ladbroke Drake and his creature Captain Barclay, is instrumental in nipping in the bud a plot against "Old Rowley," claims and secures the clemency of the pleasure-loving monarch, wins the hand of the beautiful Peggy Sheldon, and "lives happy ever after." Tribute must be paid to the research that has gone to the making up of the historical background, and to the neatly drawn character-sketches of Charles II. and Shaftesbury; but the story is the thing, and this is thoroughly enjoyable.

HILARY'S CAREER. By Parry Truscott. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

Stella, the aristocratic, quietly conventional wife of John Martyn, publisher and editor of a monthly magazine called *Martyn's Review*, has set her heart on her only son, Hilary, going into the Navy—as most of the men in her high-born family have done. The boy himself is keenly set on the sea too. John Martyn, suddenly determines that the boy shall be trained to become the future editor of his Review. John is a good fellow, but has not the aristocratic breeding of his wife or son; he is set in a rougher mould. The affection between the husband and wife, their difference in manners, ideas, and temperaments is very cleverly portrayed. The author's skill in character drawing is undeniably great. The battle between Stella and John to decide their son's future career is begun; they talk the matter over many times, but neither will give way. Stella knows the boy is born to be a sailor and fights hard to give him the open sea life that he asks for; while John maintains that the boy can be made to take to anything, and insists that the publishing and editorial work which he has worked so hard to make successful shall be carried on by his son. The unfairness of the law which gives the father the right to decide such matters is vividly illustrated. Then the author gives a neat and totally unexpected turn to the situation. John is obliged to disclose to Stella that long before he met her—about twenty years ago—he married another woman, who turned out to be a really bad lot and ran away from him after a couple of months. Later he had had news and proofs of her death; these turn out to be false—he has just heard that she is alive. She does not want anything to do with him; only wants money. Poor John is fearfully upset, and Stella can scarcely realise things at first; but by and by she begins to see the new position, when she finds that John is still immovable over Hilary's career. She realises that if she leaves John she is entitled by law to take Hilary with her, as the marriage is not legal, and to give him the wish of his heart. But she shrinks with all her quiet, conventional, proud nature from the open scandal, and is tempted to let things drift. The story is powerfully written, and grips the reader from first to last.

FORTITUDE. By Hugh Walpole. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

Mr. Hugh Walpole's novel is concerned with one Peter Westcott, born at Scaw House in Cornwall. His father is a brutal man, the son of a brutal man, and the theme of the book is Peter's fight against an evil inheritance and what Frederick Niven has expressively described as the "monkey in man." Mr. Walpole introduces us to Peter as a little boy, afraid of his father, but resolved to face the inevitable punishment of staying out late in order to be with his fisherman friend, Stephen Brant. "'Tisn't life that matters! 'Tis the courage you bring to it," says an old villager at "The Bending Mule," where we first meet Peter, and through all the discipline of life which he has to undergo this dictum recurs to him. Scaw House in Cornwall is very cleverly painted in as a dark background, and, though little is said of it, the suggestion of something evil and oppressive is cunningly conveyed. It has a similarity to Tulkinghorn's house and the sinister Roman figure on the ceiling. From Scaw House and its associations Peter must flee, and he goes to London to fight poverty with his pen in company with Stephen Brant. In London he writes a book modelled on his own experiences, and wins instant recognition. But an unhappy marriage and the loss of his baby boy affects his work, and it suffers in consequence. And then Scaw House calls him, the beast in him bids him return, and he goes back to find Norah Monogue, his unrecognised good angel, on her death bed. In a finely-wrought passage she bids him return to London. "Go back to be battered—never mind what happens to your body—any one can stand that. There's London waiting for you, there's life and adventure and hardship. There are people to be helped." And he makes the great decision, and Scaw House and its shadows pass away for ever. Peter is only thirty when we leave him. We await the sequel with interest, but meanwhile Mr. Walpole takes his place among the modern novelists who count. "Fortitude" is an exceedingly clever book; not "enjoyable," but powerful and stimulating.

THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT BE KING. By Sidney Dark. 6s. (Lane.)

In spite of its author's disclaimer, Mr. Sidney Dark's novel is one with a purpose. Although he may not have meant to do so, Mr. Dark is right in finding that it expresses the "case for the common natural man." "For years," he says, "I have been impressed by the disgusting tyranny, ever growing more grinding, exercised by politicians, philanthropists, social reformers, and other virtuous persons, over the lives of the great mass of everyday men and women who are bored by politics (except at elections), have no desire whatever to be reformed, and merely desire to live and love and have a good time." It is the modern striving after efficiency—not happiness—with which Mr. Dark quarrels. "The great truth is that very few of us have the slightest desire to be efficient. . . . We will not allow ourselves to believe that 'life is earnest, life is real.' We prefer to believe that it is thrilling and amusing and magical. We drop the bone for the shadow—but we find the shadow delightful." All this is illustrated by the career of Fenimore Slavington. That gentleman is a member—unworthy, but still a member—of the great Slavington family, which has amassed an enormous fortune over the making of peptonised soup, and has built a model factory and a model town. Fenimore is happily idle on an allowance of £500 a year when the last member of the working part of the family dies and leaves him the business if he will undertake it. After some hesitation he does, and he remains in charge of it for about a year. During that time a good deal happens both to Fenimore and to the model town of Slavingtonville, but it would not be fair to the author to give away the exact manner in which his hero muddles the business and finds his own happiness. "The Man Who Would not be King," is not only witty and amusing, not only a good story; it contains half-a-dozen well-drawn characters, and, for the reader, some very genuine edification administered in an easily palatable manner.

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The Bookman's Table.

THE RIVER RHYMER. By J. Ashby-Sterry. 3s. 6d. net. (Ham-Smith.)

It was a good idea to devote a whole book of verse to the Thames; at first sight the subject seems to lend itself better to this than to the prose of Mr. Belloc. In these pages we find all manner of rhyming, almost as various as is the river—on the surface. We suppose that even in the polluted parts there is a clear flow of water far underneath the surface; and so it is with Mr. Ashby-Sterry. The prevailing sentiment is amiability. Matthew Arnold's great eastern river does not beguile him, and he is not what one would call philosophic. Perhaps the Swinburnian metres are a little irritating, but the good intention is so apparent that we turn to what may be on the next page. It is extraordinary, when one comes to think of it, how variously one could celebrate this famous river, and we welcome the modest banjo of Mr. Ashby-Sterry into the orchestra.

> O Pangbourne is pleasant in glad summer-time,
> And Streatley and Goring are worthy of rhyme . . .

Of course they are. Mr. Ashby-Sterry's summer-time is "glad"—but he is no stickler for conventions: in the same set of verses we find the line: "But still the two maidens tramp girlfully on," and we salute the adverb on its first appearance in polite society. Later on we come across a really gorgeous rhyme with "atmosphere," namely "fat must fear," and we notice several allusions to the "boundless brain," both of author and prospective reader. Nevertheless we are exhorted to be idle, to drift on the stream and therefore the verses are rightly, in the main, slight, inviting, easy-going. When Mr. Ashby-Sterry celebrates the Dee, he will perhaps assume a mood more strenuous, more bracing. As it is his adventures do not make the blood run much faster; there is, for example, the girl at Bolney Ferry, whose lips were like a cherry, who had a dog called Jerry, whose laugh was merry and who plied a wherry. In the "Harz-Reise" this adventure would have produced a more pointed and more memorable poem, but we are sure that Mr. Ashby-Sterry was a much better person for that young person to meet than Heine would have been. He has a pleasant, airy fancy, and is at his best in such a vivid little word picture as this:

> Sluice-house, dyke, dam and such,
> Grass expanse, over much,
> Give it an aspect Dutch—
> Simply entrancing!
> Widening to greet the sea,
> Just here the Thames might be
> Part of the Zuyder Zee—
> Gleaming and glancing.

SIX GREAT PRINCESSES. By the Count de Soissons. 10s. 6d. net. (Holden & Hardingham.)

Holding that modern democracy is unjust "towards the glorious deeds of the nobility," the Count de Soissons presents this account of the lives and characters of the six daughters of the Duc d'Orléans as a piece of "not only interesting but instructive reading," which he seems to hope may counteract the influence of certain Puritanical writers, who do not scruple, it appears, to falsify historical facts in order "to please the ignorant crowd." It was a queer set of heroines to choose for such a purpose. The Regent's eldest daughter, the Duchesse de Berry, according to the author's own showing, was notorious for her gluttony and extravagance, and he candidly quotes Saint Simon's testimony that she was "low to the last degree of indecency." The second daughter, who became a nun at the age of seventeen, and promptly ousted her superior to reign in her stead as Abbess of Chelles, in the intervals between her fits of rigorous austerity turned the bare parlours of her Abbey into *salons* upholstered with silk brocade, gave suppers and concerts and dramatic performances, manufactured fireworks on the premises, and went about carrying a pistol, which she frequently fired off to frighten her nuns. The third daughter was so undesirable a familiar that her family thought of nothing but getting her married and out of the country as early as possible. The fourth was equally unendurable alike to her own family in France and to her husband's family in Spain. The fifth did nothing of note, and died from measles at the age of twenty. And of the sixth, who was married to the Prince de Conti at the age of fifteen, we are told little more than that she quarrelled with her husband and was compelled to separate from him. The mother of these by no means charming young ladies was an even worse specimen of the *ancienne noblesse*, for we are told that she was incorrigibly lazy, a gluttonous eater, and in the habit of getting "as drunk as a bell-ringer three or four times a week." Surely the most "Puritanical" of democrats could hardly have framed a more damaging indictment.

Madame de Montespan.

From "Six Great Princesses," by the Count de Soissons (Holding & Hardingham).

CROSS VIEWS. By Wilfrid S. Jackson. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

It is no use saying that a sense of humour is essential to the good essayist, because Bacon had none (and some people who imagine he wrote the works of the creator of Falstaff seem to have caught his complaint); but as a general thing a sense of humour is a gift that the essayist is always the better for having; and Mr. Wilfrid Jackson has it, and uses it to excellent purpose in his "Cross Views." He has also a shrewd leaven of common sense and sympathy, and understanding enough to enable him to dissent good-naturedly from opinions that do not square with his own. In "John Bull" he can realise the faults and weaknesses of his countrymen without failing to appreciate their admirable qualities; in "Woman" and in "Marriage and Divorce" he handles the case for the feminists thoughtfully, yet with a delightedly quaint play of wit and whimsicality that tickles the enemy of the cause even while it laughs him out of court. There are charming things in "Town and Country" and in "Also a Garden"; much of reflection, sentiment and irony in "Over the Fire," "Appearances," "The Man of the World," and everywhere that blessed boon of humour to lend pungency to an argument, keep its satire free from spleenful bitterness, and

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See BOOKLET No. 18 B for illustrations and full particulars.

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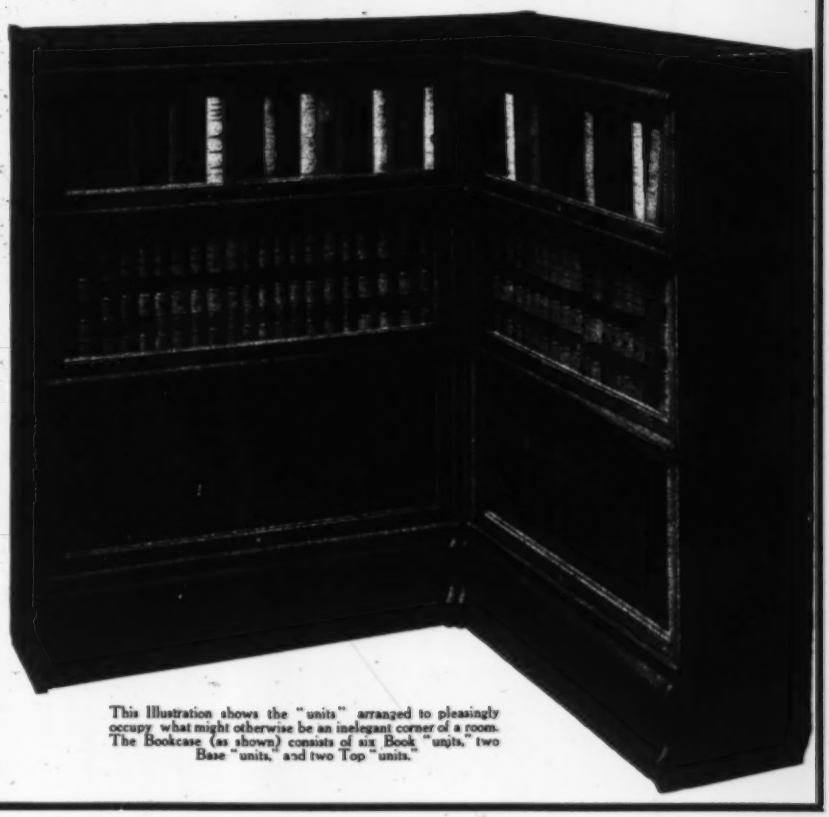

This Illustration shows the "units" arranged to pleasingly occupy what might otherwise be an inelegant corner of a room. The Bookcase (as shown) consists of six Book "units," two Base "units," and two Top "units."

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THE LORDS OF THE DEVIL'S PARADISE. By Sidney Paternoster. 5s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

It is said that the ugliest of human beings are those who spring from the union of a negro with an Aztec, and apparently in the Hinterland of the Incas you discover beings whose iniquity is hardly human; these are chiefly mixtures of the Spanish and the native blood. We have been thrilled with the accounts of what has taken place upon the Putumayo, and a little of our indignation should be given to that stealthy river, which is like a Lêthe for such virtues as the so-called whites possess. But when we have made allowance for the climate and for the long distance which now separates the Putumayo from Peruvian discipline, such as it is, one must confess that the behaviour of Arana and his fellows ought to rouse our highest indignation. In this country we are somewhat willing, if the Monroe doctrine lets us, to assist the weak American Republics to find salvation, while we turn both eyes away from what goes on in our own lead factories. For the moment, however, it is necessary to alleviate the lot of these poor Indians in Peru; and Mr. Paternoster gives a very clear and unimpassioned history of the atrocities. In view of the possible arrival in London of Arana this book will be most useful, for the charges against the Company, the chief perpetrators on the Putumayo, and the responsibility of the Peruvian and English directors is very lucidly given. Mr. Paternoster, out of his great experience among our local rogues (he has been on the staff of "Truth" for twenty-two years), is very well able to lay bare the rogueries of these exotic devils. It is not what they call a bed-side book, nor is it suitable as a birthday present, but if more of such books could be written, of Peru and other countries less remote, we might be more ashamed of our indifference.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

For the main idea of Miss Annesley Kenealy's new novel, **The Poodle Woman** (6s.), there is nothing but praise; but the way in which she has worked it out is rather disappointing. She has woven around the facts which she wants to drive home to the reader a story too sensational, too elaborate, to be effective. In order to illustrate the injustice of the divorce laws, the author invents a husband selfish and cruel to the last degree—a man without a spark of kindness—and uses him to show us how brutally a man *could* treat his wife under cover of the law. That the law is in urgent need of reform on this point, and many another, is of course undeniable; but to make the most of this real material real people must be used, and Archibald Cockspur, M.P., unfortunately, or rather fortunately, cannot come under this heading. The story is told in a vigorous and unhesitating manner, and contains many interesting arguments and dramatic incidents.

MESSRS. DRANE.

Maids-a-Waiting, by Edith Justin (6s.) is a fresh little story of youth and love with a Cornish cottage for its setting, and an atmosphere of trials and tribulations, with grit finally triumphant. Patricia and Margaret Stanhope, reduced to penury from affluence, furnish a seaside cottage with the idea of supplying refreshments and letting apartments. A further claim upon their labour is Tops, a delightful baby girl with a masculine propensity for mischief, whom they adopt. The girls' adventure attracts much attention; sundry lovers come and go, there are misunderstandings but all ends with wedding bells. The reappearance of Tops' blackguard father as a blackmailer supplies a number of dramatic situations. The plot develops upon conventional lines; Tops' father succeeds in besmirching Margaret's reputation so that her husband rejects her, but, seized with remorse upon his death-bed, he shortly after confesses. Margaret's husband then makes frantic search for her, only to rescue her badly injured from a burning hotel. She recovers, however, and all ends happily. It is the writer's first book, as is obvious from the handling of some of the situations, but the whole tale is pervaded with an air of sincerity that constitutes its chief charm, and even if the plot is conventional, as a record of difficulties successfully overcome by the nobility of a woman's character, it is an attractive little story.

MESSRS. JOHN LONG, LIMITED.

"The love affairs of great men are always fascinating," as Mr. Cuthbert Hadden remarks in beginning his records of **Composers in Love and Marriage** (12s. 6d. net), and he proceeds to justify his assertion by compiling a very entertaining series of histories of the wooings and of the weddings and married lives of Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Listz, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Tschaikovsky, and other of the world's great musicians. There is misery and tragedy and happiness enough, every-day squalor and idyllic passion, to give life and colour and intensity of interest to these varied stories, and Mr. Hadden has an easy, gossipy, entertaining style, and a pleasant gift of narration, that make his book thoroughly readable. He deprecates prying into the secret chambers of the heart, and observes that by garnering from such chambers a rich harvest has accrued to Grub Street, "with which," he says in parenthesis, "I trust I need not associate myself." Good work has come out of Grub Street, including some by Goldsmith, Chatterton, Francis Thompson, Richard Middleton, and if Mr. Hadden should be associated with it, he need not, therefore, feel at all ashamed. It is sufficient that he has acquitted himself well, and his book is worth reading. The numerous portraits add appreciably to its interest and attractiveness.

Schumann.

From "Composers in Love and Marriage" (John Long).

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

Her Convict Husband, by Marie Connor Leighton (6s.), is one of the best sensational stories this popular author has ever written. Round a stirring, dramatic plot Mrs. Leighton unfolds a story full of thrilling incidents—the story of a young wife whose husband, Gilbert Brand, is unjustly accused of a dreadful crime of which he is innocent, and for which he is sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. The author of this gross injustice is a cruel, vindictive man, Martin Altberg, who loves Brand's wife and is jealous of Brand. But his scheme, though it wears every appearance of success, turns out an utter failure. The convict escapes, is thought to be dead, and under the name of Gibeon Power lives to win fame and prosperity in the financial world, with two purposes before him—to get back the girl he married and to wreak vengeance on the man who has ruined his life. But he has much bitter sorrow and suffering to endure before these purposes can be accomplished, and the reader is kept on tenterhooks till the last chapter.